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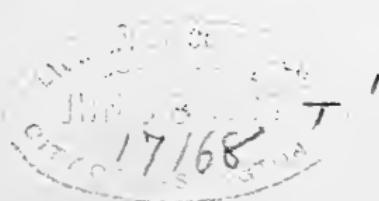
ESSAYS, LETTERS, AND POEMS

BY

ELIZA THAYER CLAPP

AUTHOR OF "STUDIES IN RELIGION" AND "WORDS IN A
SUNDAY SCHOOL"

"All these will I give thee, if thou wilt
show me the sources of the Nile."



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PREFACE.

THESE writings are founded upon the principles of Mr. E. L. Frothingham's Philosophy. All the deductions, illustrations, and suggestions therefrom are entirely original, and for them the writer only is responsible.

The Poems, which give the story of a soul, from youth to age, have been preserved for my nieces.

E. T. C.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE author of this book, Miss Eliza Thayer Clapp, published more than forty years ago, during the Transcendental period of her life, two small volumes entitled, respectively, "Words in a Sunday School," and "Studies in Religion." They were read and ardently appreciated by persons in the same sphere of thought, and often used as text-books in instructing others.

In the mean time her earnest mind led her onward into new fields of thought, and she arrived at the recognition of a philosophical statement which was radically opposed to the views which she had held in her earlier days as a Transcendentalist. The present volume is made up of selections from the abundant manuscript of her later years. It is the expression of the faith which she accepted as absolute

truth, which sustained and invigorated her through many years, and was her full support to the end of her life.

We are privileged to give Dr. Hedge's testimony to his appreciation of Miss Clapp's thought as shown in the "Studies in Religion." In reply to a note asking for an expression of his estimate of Miss Clapp, he writes as follows:

CAMBRIDGE, April 2, 1888.

I entertain the very highest opinion of the merits of the late Miss Eliza T. Clapp. Of all my female friends—and indeed of all my friends—there was none who seemed to me to possess more profound spiritual insight. Especially her "Studies in Religion" were a revelation to me, at a very important period of my life, of the most weighty and searching religious truths. In these, I can sincerely say, she was my instructress. I shall ever bless her memory.

FREDERIC H. HEDGE.

ESSAYS.

STATEMENT OF FUNDAMENTAL LAWS.

My purpose is to say in as simple a way as possible what I understand by "The Philosophy," as stated by Mr. E. L. Frothingham, for those friends who are interested in the thought, and yet are not attracted to his own large work. I wish to say that I have no superstition about Mr. Frothingham or his book. I do not think him inspired otherwise than as all men of genius are inspired. I think him as much so as Swedenborg was, and that the law of dualism which he states explains the facts of Correspondence, which was the great revelation of the other.

Objections are often made to any system or systems of thought. I must have a system of thought, and this system must have a certain logical coherence. It is eternally true that "Order is Heaven's first law." I think mental and moral confusion has its root in intellectual

confusion. Christianity is a system of belief, and if it has come to its end, see how it has educated the world, among other ways, by the intellectual meat it has furnished to the human brain. The mind must have something objective to itself to assimilate in order to grow. It loses health and sanity if shut up to make sustenance of itself. Are not all morbid conditions consequent on this introversion? The soul, like the eye, must look out and up.

The essential point is the statement of the fundamental laws of existence and creation, which, if accepted as self-evident, or as logical deductions from one self-evident principle, must underlie and explain all existence, absolute and phenomenal.

“The Philosophy” posits at the base of creation two opposite spheres of indefinite being, which it names the infinite and the finite,—the latter not a reflex nor limitation of the former, but an absolute, independent sphere, the inversion of the infinite. Here are primarily two opposite independent spheres of indefinite being.

In order to pass from indefinite being into definite existence, there must be a union of these two spheres, each being necessary to the other for manifestation. By the universal laws of opposition and attraction (which laws, to-

gether with the conception of two primal principles, are shown to be intuitions of the reason) these spheres become co-present and form the consciousness of one definite absolute being. This definite absolute being, subjecting within himself the finite life and law to the infinite life and law, becomes one with infinite spirit, thus constituting himself the second person in the Godhead, the soul of deity, the divine, absolute sphere.

By the law of unity, every existence is one, or individual; by the law of duality, all definite existence, absolute or phenomenal, is the product of the union of opposites; by the law of trinity, everything must exist in three spheres as spirit, soul, and body: and these together form the law of tri-personality, which is the fundamental law of all existence, absolute and phenomenal.

The indefinite sphere of being is the sphere of infinite life or the Spirit of deity; the definite, absolute sphere is the sphere of the Father, the creator, the soul of deity; and the manifesting sphere is the spiritual sphere, the body of deity, the Son by whom He made the worlds.

Outside of this divine sphere lies its opposite, the finite, as material for creation. The definite, absolute being having become one with the infinite life by the sacrifice in himself of

the finite principle or selfhood, becomes creator of the universe by his manifesting power or body, who has in like manner become one with the divine and infinite life by the sacrifice within himself of the finite principle or selfhood; and the three spheres are one living God, a trinity of spirit, soul, and body, of which spirit is the manifesting principle, — Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. All creation is made in the image of God; a tri-personality of body, soul, and spirit.

All existence is dual as the product of two opposite principles, combined and represented first in that sphere which constitutes the natural, and afterward by union through sacrifice, manifested in that sphere which constitutes the spiritual. Thus the facts represented in all creation and, consciously, in the religious sphere of the human soul, — the facts of opposition, attraction, and union through sacrifice, — are primarily facts in the experience of the God-head.

In the very passage of the living God from the consciousness within himself of two opposite spheres of life and his voluntary union with the infinite by the subjection of the finite, or principle of selfhood, to the infinite life and law; and this same passage repeated in the third sphere of deity or the body or Son of

God,— in this sublime experience is found the origin and cause of all the ideas of worship; sacrifice, and redemption, the essential ideas of all religions, being intuitions in the consciousness of man through the medium of his religious and moral sentiments. The supernatural sphere in man, which is the sphere including all the phenomena and intuitions of the religious and moral nature, relatively to the spiritual, or the sphere of the reason, is natural; but relatively to the external or spheres of the understanding and instinct is supernatural or medial, or representative of spiritual laws. The three spheres of consciousness into which the human principle successively comes are relatively body, soul, and spirit, and the soul is the medial or supernatural sphere, representative of that which finds its reality in spirit.

These great laws, — the law of existence or tri-personality, and the law of creation or opposition, attraction, and union through sacrifice,— being facts in the divine and spiritual spheres, are represented in every fact of nature, in every phenomenon of natural and material life. Thence it is that all natural and material existence corresponds to all spiritual existence. This correspondence is the rational cause and significance of symbolism. All legitimate symbolism is founded on the real and eternal re-

lation between the natural and spiritual. But a searching discrimination must be made between true and false symbolism. There are symbols, so called, which are creations of the fancy merely, the offspring of superficial resemblances. They have no vital life and no possible permanence. Such resemblances never produce the immortal myths of any religion. They come of the will of man, and one spurt of the fancy may eject them to-day and another outwit them to-morrow. A true symbol comes from an intuition of supernatural and eternal relations between natural facts and the spiritual law. The intuition of spiritual laws, rightly conceived, must underlie the symbol, or the relation expressed is fanciful. The conception of true relationship between the outward fact and the inward idea is expressed in a material form supplied by the imagination, and is permanent to-day and forever. Symbolism is the speech of God to man. All language is symbolic. All creation is symbolic. No other teaching is possible. Words are mere tinkle unless they stand for things : either things out of the mind or things in the mind. The highest statement of truth man can make is but the correspondence between natural forms of thought and spiritual ideas. All religions and all histories of all peoples are symbolic. The Hebrew and

Christian religions are the highest myths of all, as symbolic of the eternal facts in the divine existence. To the Hebrews these facts were revealed in material images outside of the human consciousness; to the Christian they were revealed in the facts of the human consciousness, the soul of man, at the advent of Christ, being born anew, out of an external, material sphere, into an internal sphere. The sacred books of the Hebrew and Christian nations are sacred through their symbolism. But for the symbolism of a book to be sacred it must be a true symbolism. Therefore, all symbols must be tried by the law. If they do not correspond with the eternal laws of existence and creation they are spurious. The religious mind experiences the phenomena and recognizes the symbol by religious intuition; the philosophic mind understands the symbol through apprehension of the law. In the one case the law is felt in the phenomena without being understood; in the other it is perceived and stated. "The Philosophy" purports to be a statement of laws, of which all creation, in whole and in detail, is the illustration.

We understand, then, that the law of existence or tri-personality and the laws of creation, which are opposition, attraction, and union through sacrifice, founded upon the posit

of infinite and finite, as indefinite, opposite, absolute spheres, are repeated and represented in every phenomenon of material, natural, and spiritual life. Every thought we think is a union of two elements, the sensuous impression and the percipient act, made one in a third manifesting principle. Even every material substance is a union of two elements in a manifesting third.

The laws of development are the same laws repeated on another plane. All movement in creation is dual. The movements of living organisms combine growth and development. The one is from below upwards; the other from within outwards. The universal and individual forces representing the infinite and finite necessitate this, and act upon and in every phenomenon. Every individual is a duality of two spheres of existence, becoming constantly individualized in his consciousness. The one is the universal sphere, which is constituted by the principles of the mind or general consciousness of humanity; and the other is the individual sphere, which is constituted by the principles of the human soul or the individual *per se*. The race and the child begin in the feeblest form of the individual consciousness or individualizing power. The individual is developed by the appropriating powers of the

personal consciousness. These appropriations are made from material furnished through mediums in the mind, the appropriation being made from that department in the general consciousness which corresponds with the individual need at the time. This general consciousness of the human mind has three departments, namely: the Reason, which is relatively the spiritual sphere; the Supernatural, containing the religious and moral sentiments, which is relatively soul; and the Natural sphere or body, which includes the understanding or intellectual powers and the instinct or affectional powers.

The primary institutions of family, church, and state are institutions founded on supernatural intuitions, embodying ideas that are relatively universal and spiritual, subjecting and educating the individual man into self-consciousness by gradually elevating the plane of his natural life. Left to himself he would inevitably go to destruction, for the instinctive is blind and destructive unless subjected and guided by a law outside of itself.

Religious ideas, embodied in the church or organized religious life, are the great educators of the race, because they connect the individual with a supernatural sphere. Man, in being subjected to the church, is put under the au-

thority of that which represents the universal, the infinite, the eternal as subduer and ruler of the individual and the finite. He willingly accepts this authority, even finds his greatest joy in it, there being that in his own nature which corresponds to the demand. Thus it is that the highest ideas of the reason, which represent absolute truth and good, and the vital sentiments of obedience and sacrifice, are brought face to face with the lowest condition of the individual consciousness and accepted through religious feeling. The individual is subject to what "The Philosophy" calls the principle of direction in the will; that is, he receives the laws of his thought and life from truth incarnated in institutions, with their rites and dogmas, and obeyed without being understood.

Through training and teaching from vital ideas, through the supernatural instrumentality of family, church, and state, the man grows individually and socially,—increases in inward stature, becomes reflective rather than instinctive, and begins to live and move in an inner world of feeling and thought.

With the deepening consciousness, the understanding makes its demand for logical conclusiveness and rational evidence, and the power of the sentiments declines. Then follows what is called the age of enlightenment for the indi-

vidual and the race. Great ontological ideas recede into the background; all forms of belief are tried by the crucial test of the reasoning powers, and the demands that the natural affections and sympathies make for just expression. The great religious myths, bereft of spiritual significance, become monstrous and childish stories. Man must be free. He struggles to throw off from his developing individuality everything that would limit it. As his nature grows more self-conscious he grows more self-reliant, and will recognize no law as binding or governing but the law of his own nature.

The latest doctrines of the emancipated soul are freedom, eternal natural progression, and right to self-assertion. Thus in his fullest personal development and refinement he is spiritually in antagonism to the vital ideas of the reason, which are represented by the doctrines of subjection, redemption out of the natural, and the sacrifice of the individual to the universal. Individually considered, he has risen through growth from below upward, from a lower to a higher plane of thought and action; universally considered, he has through development from within outward receded from truths that represent the real and spiritual, and come into a condition of self-assertion and self-

sovereignty. Now is he, for the first time, a candidate and subject for redemption in and through ideas that represent the universal and absolute and spiritual. Now first can he see that Christianity, instead of being an enforced religion imposed from without, is the representation through symbolic rites and doctrines of the laws that underlie the universe, and that the Christian religion is the training and educating of the inner nature into the conception and observance of these laws. In "The Philosophy" there is nothing narrow, nor individual, nor sectarian. It deals with universal laws. It looks at phenomena as symbols of those laws. It sees religions and institutions as necessary expressions of eternal ideas. It interprets all history, criticises all science, classifies all systems of thought, by showing their place in the sure unfolding of principles, the circular movement of human thought. As all existence is dual, there must always be two sides in the natural development of thought and life; that is, the human soul must be developed in forms of thought and life that correspond with both infinite and finite, the universal and individual.

Philosophy is developed through three spheres, beginning with ontology, or the science

of being, its most universal, sublime, and masculine form, and the farthest removed from the human consciousness, dealing with objective ideas conceived in the reason. Ontology has two sides, namely : conceptions of the infinite and finite represented in opposite material and spiritual pantheistic systems, as in the philosophic theories of Egypt and Persia ; in a later development represented more internally and intellectually in the opposite ontologies of the Greek schools. As man becomes more conscious and begins to study his own mind and to seek for truth amid the secret springs of his own individual life, philosophy passes into psychology, which in its turn is developed into moral and intellectual schools, each phase having its birth, decline, and death according to laws which preside over the development of mind, invariable, inevitable, universal. No philosopher is responsible for his views or statements. He utters himself according to the position he occupies in the development of mind, and speaks for all that stand on his own plane. Man's natural development goes on continually, but not collaterally. He is of necessity one-sided. He represents laws and phenomena that are for the time predominant in his constitution, and which must, to a greater or less degree, exclude opposite laws and phenomena.

His manifestations are either vital or destructive. And the severity of this distinction seems to be according to a less or greater singleness and force of nature. We are all more or less imperfect specimens of a type. The majority of men and women are not logical. They hold the most opposite beliefs and opinions in a heterogeneous manner without suffering mental distress. But the philosophic mind cannot abide this mixture and confusion in the children of its brain. It loves method and order. It seeks some central thought that shall hold in solution all other thought, or around which all other thoughts shall revolve in planetary order. Thus it is that all philosophic systems, starting from one principle, logically deny the infinite or finite, running into spiritual or material Pantheism, and when seeking to unite the two as in the eclectic philosophers, and failing to perceive the true relationship of union through sacrifice, deduce one from the other in defiance of reason, or simply hold them together in illogical tolerance. The great ontologists of the ancient and more unconscious world are repeated in later times more internally and intellectually. Pantheists like Spinoza, who posit one infinite substance, necessarily deny creation, because the infinite has no material for creation, and development from itself, if that

were possible, must result in forms that can be only modifications of infinite substance. Pantheism is either spiritual or material ; either starting from some force that represents the spiritual, and making creation a modification of that, or from the finite, and making creation a development of one material power. Every system of thought that starts from unity or one universal sphere must result, and always does result, in denying God or the universe ; that is, such systems must deny either that which represents the infinite or the finite. The Unitarian principle in philosophy is utterly unproductive. Out of one nothing can come. The whole history of philosophy, from Thales downward, proves, and is proving, this. Of course such philosophies are utterly destructive to religion, and to the Christian religion pre-eminently. In the church, as long as it is vital, is always represented duality, or the union of opposites through sacrifice. But as its teachings are always dogmatic and poetic, they can only be received through the sentiments and personal religious convictions.

Philosophy always begins historically with religion, because it seeks to explain the riddle of human life ; but as the understanding develops, philosophy invariably and inevitably separates itself, because, being no longer fed by

principles in the reason, incarnated in symbols, it rejects as irrational and absurd what the church teaches ; the latter, as has just been said, teaching its mysteries through poetic symbols, and never as scientific or rational statements. It is of no man's merit or demerit that philosophy runs into Atheism or Pantheism. It must do so to the logical mind that starts from the premise of one principle. Religion is not logical ; does not reason ; indeed, antagonizes human reason. She only asserts and affirms. She is perfectly right on her own plane. But when the reason is so far developed that the mind cannot accept any statement other than on rational grounds, then comes in this "Philosophy," to show that the essential doctrines of Christianity, which are trinity, incarnation, and redemption, are poetic, illogical affirmations of rational and logical truths ; and that Christianity is separated from other forms of religion, not by its purer ethical element, but by being a revelation to the religious nature of truths, which are truths of the reason also. That philosophy in its historic development separates from religion is neither the fault of religion nor philosophy. With the development of the understanding, the mind ignores phenomena, made known only through the religious sentiments, and rejects any formula of such phe-

nomena. It is only from a vision of higher law that it comes to see that these revelations to the sentiment, covered by such narrow forms of speech, are intuitions of the reason and data for philosophic study. The old formulas are worn out. They are being thoroughly sifted and expurgated from modern thought, which is Unitarian thought. The Protestant Church, which is relatively soul in Christianity, has in its necessary separation from the symbolic body gradually and surely become so etherealized and transcendental that it has lost even the form of truth, and has evaporated into naturalism and individualism on the one side, or degenerated into sentimentalism and externalism on the other. The best and most advanced thinkers are Unitarian and transcendental, seeking in the individual consciousness the law of life ; or devoting themselves to material science, trying to find in that which is less than man the solution to the problems of man's nature and destiny ; reasserting the old pagan doctrine of evolution from one material force. We are taking up the burden of Egypt without its simplicity and terrible earnestness. That Protestantism has come to this pass many bolder Protestants affirm, and, looking on Catholicism as an effete body left over unburied from the Middle Ages and fit only to please the most unenlightened among

men and women, they wait, as they say, for new truth. From whence is it to come? Surely the whole philosophic development of the human mind has issued in despair. Every advance in that direction has carried us farther from what is profound in thought and sublime to the imagination. Looking downward into the face of the ape, does one believe in the serious and grand tragedy of human destiny? Here a "Philosophy" offers itself that reaffirms to the mind the sublimest facts presented to the contemplation of humanity. It shows that what the Christian world has passionately clung to as divine revelation are symbols of eternal truth. It posits principles which interpret all religions and philosophies, showing the necessary steps of their birth, decline, and fall; it explains all religious symbolism, floods history with light, unites the race in a common development, and sanctifies and dignifies the individual story by uniting it to, and interpreting it by, universal laws. It satisfies the reason by its statement of law, delights the intellect by its invincible logic, and legitimates to the heart and imagination the sublime old symbols of the Cross and sacrificial worship.

A work has been published recently, called the "Nineteenth Century," in which it is shown that this of all centuries has exceeded in great

industries, commercial supremacy, supply of precious metals, in the steamship, the locomotive, the electric telegraph, the newspapers, mechanical inventions, improved weapons, art of healing, the lucifer match, the sewing-machine, photography, and agriculture ; in charitable efforts, freedom, self-government, and progress. Do all these appliances demonstrate any relation between this living, pulsating universe and its mysterious source ? Do they frame an answer in reply to the unceasing questionings which may not perhaps have yet stirred in breasts drugged by content, but which, once awakened, never sleep again ? Is man the nobler because the pain and seriousness of thought may be smothered in soft appliances of living ? I believe in the oneness of humanity, not in the equality of races or of individuals, but that the human soul incarnates itself hourly out of one common humanity ; one substance, but myriad manifestations. I believe that it begins its incarnation in this atmosphere. Development and growth, and not plenty of material enjoyment, are the measure of good for the individual and for the race. Man is created natural and spiritual, to be developed naturally and spiritually through the ages until he come into the realization of absolute truth. If this development come through pain

and disaster, then pain and disaster are better than ease and success.

All growth follows the laws of succession and circularity. Drop the germ, and its development of form must be outer and outer to its final and most external expression, while the change of substance takes place from below upward to ever-increasing refinement and individuality. The corolla is but the root transformed; all that is in the root etherealized and beautified, yet having no life in itself separate from the root, and no value in itself save as the shelter of a new germ.

Material phenomena represent natural phenomena, as all natural, in their turn, represent the spiritual. The same laws pervade all creation, these eternal laws being themselves the representation of operations in the divine and absolute spheres of life.

All phases of religion and all phases of philosophy must have their birth, decline and decay. Religion is the recognition in man of the supernatural element which enters into every form of his consciousness, indeed, but is particularly revealed through the moral and religious sentiments. It belongs to that department of his constitution which is soul in his trinity of body, soul, and spirit. Out of these religious and

moral sentiments, which are vitalized unconsciously from ideas of the reason, are incarnated through the incorporating power of the imagination all the symbolic rites and ceremonies which make the liturgies and litanies of nations. All religions embody the sentiments of worship and sacrifice. All nature is laid under contribution to express these sentiments. The fancy follows in the train of the imagination, and all the flowers and fruits of the field, all poetry and music and dancing, cluster about the altars of worship, and the blood, which is the life of the animal, is shed in sacrifice and atonement. Driven by this indestructible instinct, the body and its joys are sacrificed to the soul, and even the soul would put out its own individuality as propitiation to the all-excluding, all-absorbing demand of the unmeasurable and infinite.

These ceremonial rites and sacrifices differ with the innumerable varieties of human culture and condition ; ever ascending and refining from the coarser and more external forms of the shedding of blood to the more and more internal sacrifices of every form of self-love as gradually revealed in the consciousness. Wide as seems the difference between the immolation of beasts upon the altar and the cutting off of the wild beasts, the hydra-headed forms of self-love in the heart, the essential idea running through

all is the same: the instinct of sacrifice in the religious and moral nature; the unconscious sentiment that the individual must be subjected to the universal. The religion of adoration with sacrifice is the natural religion of the human heart, more or less enlightened, more or less internal, as the nation or individual has risen in the plane of existence by successive births into more and more internal spheres of consciousness. But the enlightened Unitarian, who of plan and premeditation puts away from him in the course of the day's work every selfish and self-absorbing motive, may touch the hand of his brother offering the blood of lambs and goats, or his other brother stifling all natural affection and innocent joy at the demand of an irresistible inward power, since the impelling power of each is a supernatural sense of obligation, the influx of the religious and moral nature.

The "Philosophy" conceives that at the advent of Christianity a new germ was dropped into the soul of man, an opening of an internal experience by which he became receptive of the distinctive ideas of Christianity which, represented from the beginning of time and in every phenomena of human life in natural forms, were now represented in supernatural forms in the awakened human consciousness. These

primal ideas, which are themselves representative or symbolic of facts in the nature of deity itself, and thence the universal laws of existence, being attraction, opposition, and union through sacrifice, form the great doctrine of redemption, the glad great news to the adoring, sacrificing, suffering humanity. The great doctrine of Christianity is that of union through sacrifice, the marriage of the infinite and finite, the spiritual and natural, the divine and human, through the voluntary sacrifice of the principle of life in the one to the life and manifestation of the other. Humanity at the time of the Advent was developed through its natural forms to a condition capable of receiving internally the open secret of creation. The Son had been made one with the Father through the sacrifice within himself of the principle of selfhood, before the foundation of the world was possible; and now here was humanity, made in the same image and in a phenomenal way going through the same process that had taken place in the absolute spheres. There was no passage for humanity from the human to the divine, no reconciliation between spheres so absolutely and irretrievably opposite. No prayers, nor rites, nor ceremonies could bridge that gulf. No power in man could unite man to God. Nothing could do this but

the formation of a medium of communication by which the facts of the divine life could be revealed to man's consciousness and made the germ of a new life in him,—a divine life in human form. Thus, it is said, the manifesting power of God, the brightness of his glory, became incarnated in human form,—the union of the divine and human, forming a divine-human or spiritual sphere of existence into which all men should enter by faith in this spiritual sphere, the divine-human, the Christ of God. By the law of creation everything must be first natural and afterward spiritual, and so the Christ must first appear to men in his natural manifestation as man, born, suffering, and dying, experiencing in essence all the ills of humanity, and afterward as universal spiritual truth; the risen Christ, the divine humanity; the enlightener and redeemer of the race, just so far as it accepts the supremacy of the divine-human life, of which the principle is the infinite love and law, over its own life, of which the principle is self-love. This has been received by man because there was that in the religious consciousness which represented this divine experience, and the opening of which consciousness made men Christians. As the individual becomes more and more external though apparently more enlightened and cultivated, he loses

the sense of this internal consciousness, and so loses belief in that which is distinctively Christian.

We have said that all the prayers and sacrifices and religions of the race were unavailable to unite man to God, until the formation of a divine-human sphere by the incarnation of the Son in humanity. But they were available and necessary as means and modes of development in the natural life. The awakening of the internal supernatural experiences as mediums to incarnate Christian ideas could not have taken place until the race had gone through all the more external and preparatory steps. It is true that not one prayer nor one pain is in vain. Every experience is necessary to the individual and the race. It is permitted and overruled by the Divine Wisdom and Providence. The child may do his task through pain and tears. The special task may be a thing to be unlearned in after-life, but the mental acts that went to the acquiring were processes in the formation of the understanding and individualizing the will of the child. All humanity is a child in various stages of development. All have one book with an almost infinite number of leaves. The subject matter is one; the pages are myriad. The Advent was a turning-point in man's existence upon

earth because it opened a new page in man's consciousness. It brought into light a suggestion, premonition, and experience of a new life.

“The Philosophy” through the principle of dualism recognizes two forms of development in the religious nature. There is a vital and a destructive side to the religious and moral sentiments. The moral and religious sentiments constitute what is relatively the supernatural sphere in the general consciousness. The individual is in a vital condition when the lower principles in that department are in subjection to the higher; that is, when the moral sentiments are vitalized by the religious sentiments, or the sense of obligation which is the manifesting principle of the moral nature is ruled by revelation, the manifesting principle of the religious nature, and through which vital religious ideas are communicated. Now these vital religious ideas are communicated either through the sentimental nature, while subject to the doctrines and institutions of the church, or to the reason, as rational ideas representative of spiritual truth.

The point of peril is when the individual has come into an internal condition, conscious of intuitions internal to the external symbolism of Christian teaching, and is still in the sentimental region. He then is inspired from the

personal or individual side of the supernatural department, and becomes lost in the phenomena of naturalism in the religious, and governed by the law of sympathy in the moral, department. Religious phenomena in his consciousness, phenomena that represent opposition, attraction, and union through sacrifice, being separated from their vital law, become inverted, and the personal, the individual, the phenomenal, is put above the universal and real. The soul is lost in the maze of internal phenomena, without guide or master, and all forms of religious fanaticism are the result. The individual is insane. All fanaticism is religious insanity. It is living from the phenomena of one's consciousness, the subtle form of self-worship, instead of looking into the face of law or spiritual truth and subjecting the soul to that. The religious person who has ceased to be governed by vital ideas communicated from without seeks in the phenomena of his own consciousness for inner light and direction, and stumbles on these dark mountains. It is the separation in his consciousness of good from truth, and the good is a demand of his nature, the highest form of self-love. Good is only an affectional principle, demanding satisfaction of its desire, and its worship is self-worship. It is the old story of Eden. The woman is separated from the man,

and falls a victim to the evil principle. And the principle of good separated from truth is spiritual evil. It is the same experience in transcendentalism, only the transcendentalist is more intellectual or rational than religious, seeks in his intellect or mind the law of his life, and, unable to apprehend spiritual law, recognizes finite law, or the law of his own nature, namely, naturalism and individualism, as his authority, and becomes as surely chaotic and destructive to all vital forms of thought and life and utterly separated from every form of spiritual truth. It is sometime asked why this separation of truth and good in the consciousness is necessary, leading as it does to every form of intellectual and moral insanity. The answer seems to me this. Every experience is necessary to the soul's development. The goal of the soul's development is to come into the knowledge of absolute truth. To know anything we must know its opposite. To know a thing is to be conscious of it. Consciousness implies two elements, and all real knowledge is conscious knowledge. Consciousness is the attribute of the reason. All growth is from lesser to deeper consciousness. We cannot know spiritual truth unless we know spiritual falsehood. Every soul in its unfolding must eat of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. Spiritual knowledge has

two sides, because the universe has two sides. Creation is the union of forces that represent opposite, universal spheres. All that is in the spiritual must be represented in the natural, for the natural is only a representation or correspondence of the spiritual. The repetition of absolute laws and phenomena, in the phenomenal sphere of human consciousness, we call the soul's experience ; that is, the experience or passing through phenomena or phases of thought and feeling that represent spiritual facts. Now, in the natural condition of the soul, these experiences only represent spiritual phenomena. They are not manifestations of spiritual principles, but representations of them. They are means of knowledge. We learn a principle by seeing it carried out to its legitimate and necessary and inevitable results. Experience is more or less internal according to the constitution of the individual. The most external persons realize in this atmosphere only material experiences and the most external forms of affectionalism and intellectuality. Persons of deep religious sentiments touch the sphere of supernatural thought and feeling, and are kept safe as long as they are subject to the church or organized religious thought which is the most external exponent of spiritual truth.

Development is not by the will or at the

option of man. It goes on by certain inevitable laws. No one can actually commit spiritual suicide or arrest his own development. Surely and inevitably man must unfold from within outward, and grow from below upward. All stagnation and retrogression are apparent. The facts of absolute truth, that is the dualism in the eternal principles of life, and the destructive nature of the finite separated from the Infinite, the good from truth or the individual from the universal, are constantly being told and reiterated in the experience of the individual and the race. In this way man learns these facts, and as in his development he rises out of the sphere of the understanding and sentiments into the rational sphere, he becomes capable of perceiving the law of life which all these facts illustrate, though they could not of themselves reveal them. Phenomena illustrate law, but in no accumulation nor generalization of phenomena can the law be found. As long as everything is told somewhere and somehow, every absolute fact represented upon the plane of the senses, it is not necessary that every individual soul should pass through the same forms of experience; only every individual soul must know the principle of every experience. We know a phenomenon when we know its principle. Humanity is one. There

is one humanity, and myriad individualized manifestations. Every individual has the experience, internal and external, and that only which is necessary to his development. As soon as we see the law we can see its working out in another as well as in ourselves. No one suffers to himself alone. If this seems to press hard upon individuals who are so made that they necessarily pass out in external forms of evil, the answer is that all these forms of natural evil are only phenomenal, have no root in reality; material evil and suffering doubtless belonging to this material sphere, and more internal evil and suffering to a more internal sphere.

All evil in the world is the result of the more or less false relation between the forces that represent on the natural plane the infinite and finite. This disturbance in the relation of these forces is the necessary accompaniment of the development of the natural. If there could be a continuous, harmonious action of these forces, man could never come into the realization of natural life; never find his own individuality as separate from the divine; never have suggestive material for the incarnation of spiritual thought and ideas. He could never know anything human or divine. Moral evil is that disturbance in the human constitution

necessary to its development. Its process is separation from the divine, and without separation no development is possible ; the plant would remain forever in its root. What we call moral evil is only a more external form, not essentially more evil than the fairer forms of good.

All natural good and evil are forms merely which furnish suggestive material in the experience. We judge of one's development by the quality of his knowledge. How that knowledge has been gained is unimportant. The result is the one great thing. Processes are only means to ends. No amount of what we call moral or intellectual superiority is any sign of true spiritual knowledge. Many persons may lag in their development because there is too little antagonism in their nature. There is too much superficial harmony. What we call sin is insanity ; that is, want of balance between the internal and external elements of our mental constitution, as all physical illness is disturbance of the balance in the physical forces. Man is developed under the inevitable law of necessity. Our sense of responsibility and free will is a phenomenon necessary to suggest and train us into the conception of freedom in the passage from the natural to the spiritual. Our appearance in this atmosphere is but a short part of

our career. Here we make our first initiation into individuality. Here we manifest the most external forms of our life. Here we get into existence. We are becoming always more and more internal, self-conscious, and real.

ESSAY UPON RELIGION.

I CONSIDER Religion, by which I mean the impulse of the sentiments that lie interior to the understanding to express themselves in praise or adoration, in states of feeling or lines of action towards an invisible and correlated Presence, to be universal and irresistible. As soon as man is conscious man, he worships a somewhat that is not man. Disrupting himself by the inevitable law of development from that unconscious dreaming which is the morning mist around our first foothold upon existence, conscious man yearns to unite himself with somewhat, and this somewhat he conceives as antipodal to himself, and therefore divine.

The urgency of this worshiping instinct is greatest in the primitive phases of man's development, in that childlike period of every people's history when the imagination and the sentiments are the ruling powers of the mind, and the understanding, which includes the faculties that appropriate and generalize material facts, is biding its time.

This interior sentiment of worship, although

thus early and apparently precociously developed in the individual and the race, is, like all other feelings and desires, without eyes. It feels, but does not see. Like Eve in the Garden of Eden, when separated from its intellectual partner, it is liable to all manner of beguilements and sophistries.

The religious sentiment must have a guide. So in the story or tradition of the earlier ages and races, we always find great religious teachers or leaders, founders of a religion, as we call them. I understand these leaders to be men so organized mentally and morally, that is, to have an internal organism of so fine affinities, as to be exceptionally receptive of religious intuitions, conceptions, and suggestions. They are the religious geniuses of the age; men constitutionally inspired to awaken and purify the worshiping instincts of the many, but, even more than this, to give a definite object and direction to these aspirations. I do not believe in the equality of men in any given department of thought or action. I do not believe that, in any age of the world (though it contravenes the words of our most eminent thinker), every soul can "acquaint itself first hand with Deity." I believe in special men,—men preëminently gifted to lead the race in the direction of the unseen realities. Such men must not

only be especially intuitive of a spiritual order of thought, but must be exceptionally and pre-eminently gifted with a pure and large imagination. By imagination I do not mean merely vividness of conception by which absent or invisible scenes and circumstances are pictured on the mental retina and given forth in adequate expression, though this is one of the noblest of its subordinate functions; or that narrative power by which events and characters are evolved from their primary elements, though the narrative power is immensely stimulated by it; still less, any mere perception of the beautiful in line or color, or the embodying of feelings and fancies in artistic forms. The imagination of which I speak, and which unlocks the secret doors of revelation, is that power which, recognizing the fact that not only all material, but all human nature, all the forms of our thinking and living, are a grand symbolism of opposite spiritual principles and relations, spontaneously seizes upon that material image or natural fact which corresponds to and represents the spiritual idea, and is the only way by which that idea can be communicated.

The material images that most readily recur to the mind of students of religious literature are the universal physical facts of eating and drinking, assimilation and rejection, and the

permanent, universal, natural facts of the attraction and union of man and woman, of father and child, master and servant,—facts universal to the race and patent to the observer.

The intellectual power that perceives the corresponding image, and embodies in it the spiritual idea, is the creative power of the imagination. It is the power that mediates between the spiritual order of thought and the natural apprehension. The imagination is not only the mediator between the sense and the soul, but in an infinitely more subtle way is the mediator between that which cannot otherwise be revealed to the purely natural apprehension on account of the utter oppositeness and want of continuity between the two. The spiritual order of thought and life is opposite to and set over against the natural. As the dome of the sky, though correlated with the plane of the earth beneath, is not continuous, but inverted, needing a medium which shall unite both, so does the spiritual idea necessitate a natural fact, thus establishing a supernatural order of thought and life as mediatorial connecting link. Religious rites and dogmas are the embodiment of a spiritual idea or fact in its corresponding material or natural form; and such rite or dogma, to be universal and immortal,

must not and cannot be the product of any man's faith or fancy, wish or will. It must be the perception and expression of a real correspondence between the actual fact and the thing signified. To perceive this is the highest function of the imagination, and a direct gift from the Creative Power. Every religious rite and dogma is a symbol, or the balling, or orbing into one, of two opposite conceptions.

I wish to emphasize that these symbols are not inventions, but inspirations through the reason and imagination. Neither Orpheus nor Moses could invent a symbol. They are born of no man's wit or fancy. They have their origin in the very constitution of the divine and human minds, and are themselves a living and persistent proof that the spiritual is not an exaltation or idealization of the natural, but an opposite order of thought and life, a difference in the very life-principle.

Man inevitably and instinctively tends to organization. Wherever there is a soul, there must be a body. A soul cannot and will never exist without a body.

The man of genius is not only more intuitive and imaginative than the less gifted, but is of a more comprehensive understanding, that is, he has a bolder and surer sweep of intelligence in the adaptation of means to ends. Thus,

through the agency of these men, the rites and dogmas of religion, which are the material forms of spiritual facts, become organized into a ritual, and the religious ritual of any people is the expression and embodiment of its highest thought and feeling. But humanity is one, though races are differenced one from the other, and man exists as individual men. It is this oneness of humanity, and the fact that rites and observances come from no man's fancy or caprice, but are the record of the real symbolism of nature and the soul, inspirations of universal meaning, that account for the wonderful fact that they have no appreciable beginning in history. In the earliest and undated records of the race are extant hymns of adoration and praise, the confession of sin, the offering of gifts, and the altars of sacrifice.

Whatever might be the theology of the period, that is, the conception and statement concerning the nature and traits of the object of worship, the worship itself is always a ritual of sacrifice and reconciliation.

And so loyal has been the imagination of men to the conservation of legitimate correspondences, the offspring of the imagination, not of the fancy, that Christendom did but take up and perpetuate the rites and symbols of the Jewish and Pagan churches, retaining the form,

but transmuting it by an ever-deepening significance.

The observance and celebration of the winter solstice, the offerings at spring-tide, the baptism and communion-table, even the glorified Mother and Child, are found as symbol and commemoration in the oldest civilizations, and in religious organizations outside of and opposed to Christianity.

What, then, constitutes the difference between the universal religion that these forms express and the Christianity we hold so dear?

I conceive that the difference in religions, and the superiority of Christianity over all others, consists in the theology that lies behind them.

Religion is very external to theology, and takes its character and coloring from what is received as revelation of the nature and attributes of the object of worship.

Religion is, as we have said, the natural impulse or movement outward of the soul in search of a somewhat upon which to pour out its love and praise. It has no objective value. It does not in itself tell aught reliable concerning this object of its search. It is merely the uplifted hands stretching upward to "that inverted cup we call the sky, which so impotently rolls." The subtle pangs of contrition and the pleadings of prayer are as universal

and natural as the emotions of pity or the embraces of affection. A Brahmin or a Buddhist is as religious as a Christian. No religionist can exceed in devoutness a devout Mahometan. Religion or religious exercises, more or less, are no test of truth.

Theology is what people think about God. Religion is what they feel in their own souls. I believe it is of immense consequence what people think. I know it has been said by great authorities that it is no matter what one's creed is, provided the life is right. But I believe that the life will inevitably follow the thought. Perhaps not to-day nor to-morrow, but sooner or later, somewhere or other, we shall be conformed to what we really believe. Persons differ greatly in this respect, from original temperament and characteristics. Many persons will be intellectually possessed of views radically false, but, from inherited conservative tendencies of taste or circumstances, will not be rapidly affected to ill. Others, with more of the Celtic element in their make-up, will rush upon the realizing of their thought, and if the thought is an inversion of the truth, or the crystallizing of a false tendency, the result will assuredly be disease or dissolution of the moral status. The law of life abides. Sooner or later, "as one thinketh, so is he." The virile

element of thought asserts its mastery over feeling in that inner domain. I repeat, the superiority of a religion is in the theology that lies behind it. I consider the enmity and separation of the Hebrews from the surrounding nationalities to have its cause and reason just in this, that the theology of the Hebrews, as far as their revelation went, was a true theology.

The ancient Egyptians were thinkers, and doers of their thought. That which brought them face to face and step to step in irreconcilable hostility to the Hebrews was the difference in the conception of the Divine Being.

The Egyptians were a very religious people. The hierarchy was the highest order in the state. The days of the year were full of devout observances.

Society was orderly. The details of life were rigidly adjusted; the inventive faculties wonderfully alert; the moral sentiments of veneration, justice, and benevolence as fairly developed and exercised as in contemporary States. But their theology was false. For that cause, efficiently and finally, their religion had no vital underlying element, and tended irresistibly to deterioration and decay.

As thinkers, the Egyptians had surmounted mere nature-worship. They did not fall down in stupid adoration of mere outward phenom-

ena. I doubt if any Aryan or Caucasian people, any historic race who have contributed their iota to the cultivation of human society, ever did. The ancient Egyptians had metaphysical notions of visible things. Isis was the personification of the universal, material, productive principle, throughout nature,— the great brooding, breeding mother, the mother of mysteries, whose veil modern science rends into gaps here and there, but has never lifted or thrown aside. And Isis is a great fact. The fatal error is, not in admitting her existence, but in worshiping her as Deity. Ascending from the plane of material nature into the sphere of humanity, we find that this lower material element has its counterpart in the universal, teeming, affectional principle in human nature from which issue all the soul's desires and longings for good, or that which shall meet and satisfy these yearnings. This affectional principle in human nature, to which the productive principle in material nature corresponds as type and emblem, was deified by the Egyptians as the Creative Power, the object of adoration. But no abstraction or metaphysical conception can be made by any people an object of worshiping rites until fused, symbolized, and personified by the imagination into the forms and attributes of personal deities.

The metaphysical notion of the universal productive principle is transformed into the goddess Isis, who as Queen of Heaven takes the lead of her mate Osiris, though she is represented as bewailing his dishonored remains. The enthronement of a goddess exalts in political and social life the feminine properties of thrift, ingenuity, orderliness, and excessive attention to detail, but, in the inner province of religious thought and observance, degenerates into the worship of all natural forms that represent productiveness and fecundity. Passing into still lower conceptions, but by a thoroughly logical sequence, the sensuous imagination of the common people fell into the horrible vagaries of animal worship, and the cow and the cat came to represent divine attributes.

The Persians, in their deification of a creative, ethereal principle, Mithras,—symbolized in the sun and the concomitants of the sun, fire and light,—were obliged, for purposes of practical worship and for explanation of opposite moral and physical phenomena, to posit and personify opposite principles of light and darkness, good and evil. The Persians, in their theology, religion, and culture, expressed the opposite but correlated thought to the Egyptians. But the revelation to the Hebrews was not of a metaphysical principle that could be symbolized,

as water or fire, but the revelation of an absolute Being, a divine personality,— not a tribal God, more or less noble than his brother gods, but a Being incomprehensible and inconceivable to the unaided human intelligence. I understand the Hebrew people to have been so internally organized that they were adapted to receive a ritual of worship that embodied this entirely different and opposite order of ideas from that which made the substance of the surrounding worships, particularly that of the Egyptians, from whom some scholars have affirmed their religion to be derived. The underlying thought of the two was diametrically opposed,— so opposed that it might well have called out responsive thunders from the ever-listening hills. Without doubt they carried over into their temple-service much of the pomp and parade of the Egyptian. This does not prove that the two religions coincided. So has the Christian church in its Easter celebration borrowed from our Saxon ancestry the festival of the spring goddess Osteria, with her floral offerings and symbolic eggs. The early Christian teachers, with fine religious instinct, retained the gorgeous pagan festival, and consecrated it to supernatural and Christian thought.

I consider the great religious genius of the Hebrews, whom we call Moses, to have been in-

spired through the intuitions of the reason and imagination, those spiritual interiors of the soul which no man openeth and no man shutteth, with a conception of God fundamentally and equally opposed to the nature-worship and pantheism of the East, — the personification of abstract supernatural principles as in Persia and Egypt, and the deification of human powers and attributes as in the Greek and Roman mythologies. The Jehovah of Moses is a conception of a Being entirely out of and opposite to man ; not *a* god, but *the* God, — a Being enthroned in the heavens, or a sphere of existence utterly transcending the created human sphere. Not a Brahma, incorporating himself in the visible and invisible forms and processes of existence, a doctrine as abhorrent to the pure imagination as destructive to all genuine reverence ; not the weak, deluding, degrading incarnations of nature and natural life embodied in the goddesses Diana, Astarte, and other female deities who trailed their slimy worship all along the Philistine coast, justifying even to the natural reason the extermination of the semi-civilizations that were dominated by them.

The Jehovah of the Hebrews was not a product of their mental or moral status, not a conception of their understanding, nor a phantasm of their fancy, nor any outgrowth or outcome

of their material surroundings. Revealed as a spiritual conception to the highest genius of the Hebrew people, his appointed service consisted of a series of material images corresponding with and representing the Almighty's relation to man, a relation of absolute separation and possible union. It is right to call the Hebrews a peculiar people, — that is, peculiarly fitted, in their mental and moral organization, to the place they filled in the religious development and education of the world. They were not pure, gentle, nor lovely. They lacked the subtle grace and interesting mobility of the Greeks, and the broad, comprehending intellect of the Romans. They were materialistic in thought. They thought in concrete images. They could not understand abstractions. The conservative structure of their brains protected them against the seductive influences of the feelings and fancy. The Jew, as an individual and a race, was fierce, dark, and cruel. The men could in assembled council condemn a fellow-man to be stoned for some slight violation of the national Sabbath ; and the women could, or certainly one woman did, confident of the after-echo of praise and laudation, allure and betray her country's enemy to death under the guise of a kind and tender hospitality. Such acts are abhorrent to our developed moral

sense and more refined affectional instincts. But these acts are temporary. They leave no permanent trace. They do not affect the universe of thought, or the eternal interests of man.

We owe infinitely more to the Hebrews than if they had been gentle and loving. The very materialistic constitution of their minds, their very stupidity if you will, has been a boon to us, inasmuch as it made them incapable of mixing their own fancies and conjectures with the revelation of the Supreme Being, — a being incomprehensible to man, and as inaccessible save in the way of his own showing.

The God of the Hebrews was not a God to be handled by the understanding, nor caressed by the affections, but a spiritual Being to be worshiped in humility and awe.

The sole peril, the one crime possible to the Hebrew, was idolatry. And such is the constitution of the human mind that the same peril and the immanence of the same crime beset it on every plane of life and culture.

I consider the Christian religion to be Hebraism on an internal and relatively spiritual plane. I consider that the human consciousness has undergone radical changes since the Hebrew era, — that with the incoming of spiritual truth there was a corresponding change in the capacity of the human mind for internal,

conscious experiences. With every new presentation of truth the human soul unfolds a new capacity of reception. It is the inevitable law of growth, — the interplay of revelation and development. Even in external conditions and circumstances a close observer will note a corresponding internal change as both cause and consequence. Least of all is any revelation of truth possible to the soul that does not find the corresponding affirmation within the soul. When God speaks, then indeed do the people say amen. As to every form of existence, so to every conception or idea there must be two sides, the perception and the phenomena ; two halves to every whole ; two vaults to every sphere ; two principles combined and coactive in every possibility of life and thought.

With the incoming of spiritual truth into the universe of life, and its perception, is born the internal power to incarnate it in forms of mental and moral experience. Every thought and feeling, in order to be expressed, must come out of the vagueness of the universal into some special form. This form must be either an image taken from the material world, as, on the religious plane, the shedding of animal life represents sacrifice ; or an inner experience or mental act, such as the crushing down an emotion or passion under the feet of a moral senti-

ment. Man becoming more self-conscious, the imagery of his thought is transferred from the outward to the inward world. Types and figures are translated into thoughts and feelings.

The attestation to and confirmation of truth comes from within. That which was prescribed ceremonial in the old worship is transformed into internal knowledge in the new. The child reads the nursery fable as story and adventure ; the older mind apprehends it as a picture of thought and life, and reads the same story in its own experience. In the great picture-book of the Hebrew ritual, that which was told to the eye, namely, the absolute separation of the divine and human, of the spiritual and natural, and the possibility and method of the transfusion of life from the one into the other, becomes part of the religious consciousness of the early Christians in a mysterious sense of sin wholly independent of outward act, and oftenest most intense in persons of immaculate life ; in a marvelous sense of separation from the divine, followed by as marvelous a sense of ineffable union. Just so much of the material symbolism was retained as served for suggesting and intensifying the more internal forms.

These internal experiences were limited by the same law of correspondence, and were not and could not be spiritual, but only supernatural

representations of the spiritual, revealing in an internal, human, natural way the same great facts of sacrifice and reconciliation as were pre-figured in the external religious rites.

Christianity is as old as creation and as eternal. It is revelation to the reason, not the understanding, and suggestion to the sentiments of the modes through which the Godhead lives and acts.

But the Christian religion I conceive to date from the era when a new opening of the human consciousness answered to and affirmed the advent of spiritual truth into the world in a supernatural form. But I think we of the liberal ranks of thought need to remember that the Christian religion has a theology behind it. Its foundation-stone is essentially the Hebrew theology. Consequently the same peril besets it which in old time beset the Hebrew faith, namely, that of being drawn away into the vagaries of opinion. The idolatries of the old world are forever repeated in the speculations of modern thought. Old Egypt and Philistia reappear in more refined and intellectual forms in the metaphysical thinking of so-called Christian sects. At the inauguration of the Christian religion, human thinking and feeling borrowed for its symbols less from material nature, and found expression in more exclusively

human-natural forms and relationships. But it was no less founded upon objective truth, that is, the announcement of certain facts regarding the eternal relations of the human and divine. These facts must be facts concerning the divine nature and its necessary relation to the human. It is therefore a theology. If Christianity were a religion merely it would be subjective, that is, a part and parcel of each one's consciousness and subject to all the variations, delusions and illusions of that consciousness. But founded upon objective truth, upon facts of the eternal relations between the divine and human, it can only be revealed through a symbolism as universal as creation, and as intimate as the profoundest phases of the human soul.

It helps the thought upon metaphysical subjects to accept the fact that all creation in whole and in detail is symbolic. Every phenomenon, from the growth of a plant to the roll of the planets, takes place according to a certain mode or method, and this mode or method represents spiritual facts, and is the language in which they are written and must be read. Thus the only possible communication between the divine and human, the spiritual and natural spheres of life, is earlier by a series of imagery, and later by a series of mental experiences, in

which the lower represents the higher and the higher interprets the lower. Humanity learns the things of God through the things that He has made. The fact of the revelation to the Hebrews being made in material images accounts for the persistency of the religion notwithstanding the otherwise unappreciative character of the recipients. These images are the body of truth and do in their prescribed time hold the soul of truth in its place. Without this material safeguard, objective truth, prior to its incarnation in human consciousness, would have been dissipated in the contradictory assertions of the human mind.

Every religion must have an organism, and the Christian Church is the organism of Christian thought. Its dogmas and doctrines, more or less complex, its rites and observances, whether two or two hundred, are nothing unless they embody and represent everlasting spiritual facts. Christian doctrines are true just in proportion as they are intellectual statements, more or less confused, of these facts. A rite expresses the fact under a corresponding material form. A dogma is an authoritative assertion unaffected by the assent or dissent of the individual mind. A doctrine supposes an appeal more or less convincing to the judgment of the believer. The two latter hold higher

rank in religious education than a rite, and yet rites have a persistent value. Being the body of truth, they have the solidity and inertness of the body; while doctrines, being more internal and intellectual, change and develop with the developing intellectual phases. The baptismal and sacramental rites persist, while the thought they represent wavers like a flame in the wind. The Christian Church, being formed in the likeness of man, as every organization must be, man being the type of all organism, is necessarily twofold. It has an internal and external form, both equally essential to its existence, as the soul and body of man constitute the man, and without the union of the two the spirit of man could not be manifested. This soul and body of the Christian Church, present from its beginning, have obtained the names of Catholic, or universal, and Protestant, protesting. The Catholic is universal and persistent, and comparatively unchanging, as is the body. The Protestant is the protest which the soul always makes against the materializing tendencies of the body, yet without which it could not exist. I respect the Catholic church as I respect my body, as that which manifests, on the most external plane, my life and presence. Our bodies are as necessary to us as our souls, and the union of the two

makes possible the shadowing forth of the spirit, which is the breath of God.

The value of this Church lies in the fact that it is body, a material organism, preserving and expressing the great fundamental facts that are the stuff out of which the Christian religion is woven. Believing as I do with Guizot, that Christianity never could have been preserved through the ages, never could have kept its hold upon the senses and affections of man, had it not been formulated in an organized institution, I believe in the existence and perpetuity of the body, as essential and continual. Men often deny the existence of a soul. They rarely deny the existence of a body. The spiritual ideas expressed through the two organizations, Catholic and Protestant, are the same sublime, universal verities, namely, the separation and oppositeness of the divine and human, the spiritual and natural, and the possibility and method or mode of their union. Whatever sect or society may be founded, more or less avowedly, on other ideas than these may be intellectual, refined, charitable, but certainly is not Christian. I honor the veracity of the extreme Radicals, who, basing their thought and action upon the theory of spiritualizing all forms of life through education and culture, set aside the Christian name. High-minded, con-

scientious, noble in purpose they undoubtedly are, but simply are not Christian, and do right to reject the word.

Neither that which we call historically the Christian Church, that is, the embodied consent or consensus of Christendom, nor the education of the individual soul begin in freedom. The very sanity of the mental faculties requires that thought and action should begin in obedience to authority.

The consciousness of a child and of child-humanity is in a confused, inchoate state. It needs for its direction an external conscience, founded upon wider knowledge and keener perception. It must be trained in obedience to somewhat outside of its own unaided sense of right and wrong.

Conscience is a more or less vague, a more or less controlling inner sense or sentiment of obligation, but has not within itself the knowledge of that to which its allegiance is due. Every desire or sentiment is born blind. Most of all does the sense of religious obligation need a guide, lest it stumble on dark mountains.

The essence of all fanaticism is involved in following the lead of personal feeling or conviction, undirected and unbalanced by any external standard. Every legitimate form of re-

ligion is based upon authority. Every church whose office is to educate humanity through all the phases of the soul's life must found its initiatory teaching upon uncompromising authority. This great fact in early Christian discipline, represents to my mind the sublime destiny of humanity itself; represents the final subjection of the perfected soul to absolute truth,—that ultimate act by which and through which alone the finite creation can become a manifestation of the glory of the Infinite.

I wish to dwell on the word *represents*. Representation of a thing is as far removed from its reality as the reflection of our face in a mirror is from the face itself. The reflection answers to the reality, line to line, angle to angle, but the one is shadow, the other substance. So in the education of the soul in truth. We cannot study truth face to face. We are taught all through our earlier stages by representations, figures, symbols and types. No soul could receive spiritual truth at first hand. No man can see God and live. The Christian Church on its most external plane and in its most material form, represents, I repeat, the sublimest fact in the universe, that is, the absolute authority of truth over the soul of man. The other vital doctrine that this external church represents is the union of the di-

vine and human in one soul and one body, as typified in the most sacred and significant of its rites. These doctrines of passive obedience and of transubstantiation become interesting and sublime as soon as we look upon them as material representations of eternal verities. The majority of the persons who take these pictures literally are undeveloped natures, who feel but do not reason, who have not begun to think, but who in their cradles are not forgotten by the Divine Providence, which softens the very bread of spiritual life in the milk which nourishes. But humanity must grow up. It must become thoroughly independent of the divine. It must come out into the clear, incisive light of the understanding. It must put aside its picture-books. It must follow the fast inflooding intuitions of the moral sense ; must cease to be religious, strictly so called, and must become internal, moral and rational. There is no merit nor demerit in this. It is simply the inevitable law of growth and development which every soul, more or less consciously, here or elsewhere passes through.

It is a remarkable fact that as we rise through successive stages of development, as individuals or as races, we come out more and more into the materializing region of the understanding. We recede more and more from ob-

jective, spiritual truth, and become immersed in forms of our own thinking. As we become more pronounced in our natural powers, more thoroughly human, become more real men and women, we lose our representative spiritual character.

The illustration is complete, as drawn from actual childhood. The child, in its unconsciousness, docility, and trust, has been the favorite example of supposed spiritual conditions. The mistake is in looking upon the child as already spiritual, whereas it has not yet come into the fullness of its natural development. The child's apparent spirituality is picture merely. As he develops into the consciousness of individuality and freedom, he inevitably loses his so-called spiritual characteristics, and becomes more or less self-assertive and aggressive. In the beginning he is ruled by precepts. As he feels his growing power to think, he questions the authority of the precept, and comes into self-government through allegiance to principles. Precepts are obeyed. Principles are elected and adhered to.

Just so with the human soul, child as it is of the eternal Providence. It is being educated through rites and doctrines which represent divine verities; and also, and in due order, educated through the rejection of these sym-

bols ; for inevitably, at a certain point in his development, when the understanding takes the lead of the sentiments, and the consciousness is only a consciousness of natural affections and affinities, the man-soul rejects these representations as effete superstitions, and through this rejection works his way out to freedom and individuality. I consider our Unitarianism as an example of this. Unitarians do not believe as masses. They are units of thinkers. They are clear-headed, clear-eyed, and pledged to the Highest. Born and bred a Unitarian, I esteem it as a broad and liberal culture. It is the extremest form of Protestantism, and Protestantism is the soul of Christianity. It demands the meaning of the ritual ; the realization in consciousness and life of the doctrine ; the assent of reason to the claim. It is coeval with Catholicism, because it is always the religion of internal, originally-thinking persons. Such persons instinctively assert the right of the individual to his own judgment of all his activities.

It was the predominance of the sensations and of the emotions, which are only internal sensations, that prolonged the date of Catholicism to the sixteenth century. But we are all Catholic or Protestant, — perhaps one or the other at different periods of our life, — either

believers in passive obedience to authority, or asserters of the rights and responsibilities of the individual.

Christendom includes the utmost variety and shadings of these mental conditions, from the child-soul, typified in the legendary Christ-child, that lies swathed and cradled in its mother's arms, or toying in innocent wonder with the cross and the nails, to the full-grown man-soul, who in full consciousness of self-direction rejects as puerile and effete superstitions all objective revelation, holding no fact sacred but the fact of his own thinking.

Christendom includes these extremes of belief and practice, and all the innumerable gradations between them that make up the diversity of sects. I look upon all these phases as tentative and educational — none as ultimate or rational expressions of truth. They are necessary and invaluable as showing forth the inevitable phases in the soul's history. They are all steps by the way, and looked at from a universal point of view are seen in their extremest arcs to be complemental sides of one perfect sphere.

THE STORY OF CAIN AND ABEL.

I BELIEVE humanity was created dual because there are two sides to the spiritual and natural order of thought and life, from the most internal to the most external mode of existence. Every form of life and thought, every phase of consciousness exists in pairs, is internal and external, intellectual and affectional, spiritual and natural, masculine and feminine. I consider this duality of the human consciousness to be symbolized in the primeval history of the old Hebrew Bible.

Modern scholars assert that this primeval history was not written by Moses, and not written at all, some assert, until the Hebrews came into contact with the Babylonians. I do not understand how this statement, whether true or false, should affect the value of the story. It is very credible that the great lawgiver of the Jews collected the traditions of the race and with his profound intuition of the spiritual, or rather of the natural forms that represent the spiritual, arranged them in the sublime simplicity that has come down to us.

I consider the myth of Cain and Abel to represent opposite states of the human consciousness, which necessarily externalize themselves in opposite orders of society and forms of human development. The opposite phases of human consciousness are relatively to each other internal and external, natural and supernatural. Recollect by the term supernatural is not meant the spiritual, but that which represents it to the imagination and sentiments. The natural and supernatural on a more external plane constitute the opposite departments of the reason and understanding, the sentiments and affections, which, through all natural phases of the mind, are relatively to each other internal and external, natural and supernatural. Acting upon the religious instinct, both Cain and Abel approached the Divine Being in the act of worship. Cain brought of the produce of his fields an offering of his works ; but upon this act, although possibly an act of praise and thankfulness, no true religion could be founded, because the act did not embody a spiritual idea. A church, that is an organization for the preservation of spiritual ideas and sentiments, could not be founded upon a merely natural sentiment, however genuine. An act may be an offering of joy and gratitude, a sort of harvest-home, but containing no spiritual principle,

it can have no internal or permanent value. Abel's story, on the contrary, represents a more internal consciousness, an intuition of the idea of sacrifice, which is not a natural but a spiritual idea, and an intuition of the religious rite or form which should best symbolize this idea, and this rite or symbol is the sacrifice of an inferior life.

Upon this idea or conception of sacrifice symbolized in a corresponding act could be and was founded a church recorded in these earliest annals. This institution was not a product of civilization nor a result of moral culture, but from the beginning a representation in outward acts of the true relationship between the opposite realities of infinite and finite, divine and human, spiritual and natural, intellectual and affectional. The offering of Abel constituted a church, the supernatural form of a spiritual idea, an eternal church representative of Christianity. But the nature of man is dual, and he must of necessity be developed upon the material and natural side also, and the two developments do not seem to have a continuous and reciprocal unfolding, but as the one advances the other recedes.

Inevitably in the development of man, and in the records of history, the forms of material civilization and natural religion supersede the mental affinities and forms of life that repre-

sent spiritual truth or the true relationship between the divine and human, and consequently spiritual ideas and their corresponding or symbolic forms die out. So in this wonderful narrative Cain, the representative of material, natural life and worship, kills Abel. He is killing him to-day.

This story represents the inevitable development of society in successive eras from within outwards, and as the more practical, material and natural life is developed, just so surely the perception and acceptation of supernatural forms suggestive of spiritual truth recede, are lost sight of for a longer or shorter time. Cain *must* kill Abel.

Material civilization prevails. From the development of Cain cities arise and all the arts that explore and cultivate the earth, and this movement must not be killed. A mark is set upon it that it shall have its turn and time. It is the assertion of human nature; the predominance of the aggressive, the selfish, the material, the natural; a descent from the more internal regions of the consciousness into the use of the powers and abilities that deal with material things and make them subserve the will. This is the law of development equally in the race and in the individual. Ever and ever in the successive periods of transition the

soul and society become more external, more sensuous, more keen in the processes of the understanding; richer in the products of the fancy as distinguished from the imagination; marvelously inventive in all arts that perfect individual and social comfort and convenience; adepts in natural life and in all appliances that soften and decorate the bodily life. Ever and ever, by the same necessity and in the same ratio, the supernatural forms in the Church and State, forms that embody and represent spiritual ideas, decline and are rejected as superstitions, the product of barbaric ages, and opinions and rules concerning social and individual life, forms born of the reasoning powers and the fancy, usurp their place. I repeat that this ancient myth is the narrative statement of the origin, decline, and fall of the highest spiritual ideas; a process which inevitably takes place in the sure unfolding into individuality of the human soul, and is as surely expressed in the transitions of social life and thought. It is interesting to remember that this profound metaphysical fact is symbolized in high art by the picture of the dead Abel, which picture represents the same fact as the dead Christ on a more external plane.

After Cain, the type of the material order, has been developed, there must be another awaken-

ing of the internal nature, another revelation through appropriate symbols of spiritual ideas, or man will become a mere creature of sense and time. The predominance of the material inevitably leads to moral dissolution, the end of which is the destruction of the soul itself. Thus the narrative goes on to say that Seth is born to take the place of the dead Abel. But that which Seth represents will be killed out as Abel was killed unless it is organized in stated forms of belief and worship. To prevent this loss Enos is born from Seth, Enos, the earliest organization of religious and supernatural thought, the symbolization and embodiment of true religion in rites and forms, which are supernatural as representing spiritual ideas. The narrative says, "Then men began to call upon the name of the Lord." It was the establishment of the first church. The record goes on to say that this supernatural order again declines in the growth and development of the natural and material, and to such a degree that society, bereft of all supernatural and consequently conservative principles, becomes utterly disorganized and so far incapable of recovery that it has to be swept away, and State and Church reared from new foundations. We read that a great natural catastrophe drowned the nations, and Noah, the only man capable of receiving a spiritual idea,

was forced to begin anew, like a second Adam, and save out of every created thing so much as was necessary for new production in every form of life. He sets up a new altar upon the renovated earth, and reinstates a religion based upon spiritual ideas. It is perfectly rational to believe that owing to the correspondence between the natural and spiritual, so great an event as the dissolution of society, through the decline and death of religious and spiritual ideas, should be accompanied by great physical convulsions in the letting loose of the destructive forces in nature.

I wish to emphasize this dualism by affirming that no consciousness is possible in the divine or human nature without the presence of two principles. Simple unity produces nothing, not even a thought. Consciousness means to *know with*. The infinite and finite, divine and human, spiritual and natural, intellectual and affectional, never run into each other, are never evolved, the one from the other, and can only be united by a third intervening principle—a mediator between the two. Every thought is made up of a sensation and perception, and the union of the two constitutes reflection. When a child begins to think, he recognizes not only the object but himself as separate from it, and says *I*, by which he emphasizes the percipient power. The union of

himself and the object constitutes his thought. We cannot say anything without thinking its opposite. Language is full of descriptive terms, every one of which suggests its contrary. Depth, height—above, below—within, without—also, true and false—good and bad. There are two sides to the spiritual as well as the natural. The Church, as the organized worship of man, did not grow out of society, was not a result of more or less external culture or civilization. It cannot be too often repeated in this darkened age that the two orders of thought and life, the supernatural and natural, had their origin in different departments of human nature; the one through the mind's affinity with spiritual truth and its apprehension of the form in and through which alone it is revealed, and the other in its affinity for and adaptation to natural and material forms of activity. Thus was man created a twofold being as man and woman, and called by the generic term Adam, a Hebrew word, meaning man, of which Eve is the feminine form.

Man must get a material hold upon this earth. He cultivates the ground and brings his offering of fruit and grains to the Lord, as external religion founded upon the sentiments of praise and gratitude, but not being grounded upon a spiritual idea, it does not even represent Christianity. The latter, being the revelation to the

reason of the laws and methods of creation, is as old as deity.

The offering of Abel is not one of simple thankfulness or joy in the good, or the products of human industry and skill. His offering is a sacrificed life, a mystery that can only be apprehended by the religious sentiments and imagination, and represented in symbolic images until it can be presented to the developed reason in statements of absolute truth. From the creation to this hour, Cain and Abel express two sides of human consciousness, two forms of religion, two opposite conceptions of the relation between the human and divine.

This piece of primeval history, so wonderful in graphic power and profound significance, is a fragment of sublime metaphysics ; the first philosophic account of the founding, developing, antagonism, decline and revival of these perpetual forms of human society, the Church and State, put into narrative form,—a great myth forever and forever true. Modern scholars, with regard to races, recognize the Aryan or Indo-European (so called from its extreme boundaries from the Mountains of Caucasus to the Atlantic Ocean), which is said to have migrated in pre-historic times from northern India and spread over Europe ; the Semitic, which includes the Arabs, the Assyrians, and Hebrews ;

and the Touranian, which takes in the inhabitants of China and Mongolia.

This classification is more or less changing, and Mr. Frothingham prefers the old classification of Blumenbach (born in Germany, 1752) into five races, the Caucasian, Malay, Mongolian, Indian, and Ethiopian. I think these classes can be easily reconciled by including the Aryan and Semitic in the Caucasian, where they undoubtedly belong, and letting the others fall into the Touranian if need be.

The Semitic race includes the Hebrew, the Japhetic corresponds to the Aryans of modern nomenclature, and the Hamite takes in the Canaanites and other tribes which covered Palestine and the neighboring countries, including perhaps the Egyptians.

The Hamite races tended to a coarse material civilization, destitute of the principle which represents Christianity, and were necessarily destroyed by the Hebrews as a pernicious and baneful civilization.

The Japhetic races are those that have overspread Europe and developed a full natural civilization, and been distinguished in natural science and art. Their religion, which is Christianity, has been received through the Semitic race, because this race was especially that to whom, on account of its affinity for vital super-

naturalism, or the laws and modes of the God-head and its relation to humanity, it could be revealed in and through material symbols, or a grand, material, significant ritual of worship.

Of the ancient nations, I will speak first of the Babylonians and Assyrians as being those out of which Abraham, the founder of the Hebrew nation, emigrated.

Between the famous rivers Euphrates and Tigris, that rise in the mountains of Armenia and flow south into the Persian Gulf, in the plains of ancient Mesopotamia, now called Armenia, stood the cities of Babylon and Nineveh. Babylon is reputed the oldest, and as having been founded by Cush, the son of Ham. There was first what scholars call the Arabic dynasty, perhaps that from which Abraham went. This was superseded by what is called the Babylonish dynasty, to which, perhaps, the famous Semiramis belonged. Though we have reason to believe that these cities were in high civilization at least twenty-five hundred years before our era, the first really historic date is as late as that of 759 B. C., when the old Babylonian empire was divided, through a political revolution, into the separate kingdoms of Babylon, Media, and Assyria.

The fact that particularly interests us is the character of the religion from whose dominating

influence Abraham escaped. Some genealogists give the era of Abraham as 2300 B. C. Whether this date approximates the fact by a few hundred years more or less is of immeasurable insignificance compared to the fact of the eternal ideas with which the great Hebrew was inspired, and which ideas are the foundation of all that is vital in our religious thought to-day. To understand the principle of the false religions, which from the beginning have struggled with the true for preëminence, we must study and analyze the elements and constitution of human nature ; because false religions, if advanced beyond the mere worship of material nature, are always a deification in some form of an attribute or instinct of human nature ; whereas true religions are a revelation of divine laws, apprehended by the sentiments of worship and obligation, and embodied in forms by the plastic power of the imagination.

We find in human nature the presence of instincts, sentiments, and the understanding—the great intellectual power. The instincts are individual, such as the instinct of self-preservation or the instinct to appropriate food ; the domestic, as the instincts that found the family ; and the social, or the instincts which bring men into society or found the State. These taken together constitute the affectional nature, or

that part of our being which seeks its good or gratification in whatever way the special instinct demands. It is the great substratum of our nature from which issue the motives or movements that constitute human activity. Every instinct is utterly blind, and if left to itself tends to self-destruction ; therefore, along with every instinct, and as its accompaniment, appears an intellectual principle which controls and guides it. The perceptions and principles which control and direct the instincts taken together, we call the understanding or intellect. Thus we have in our nature fundamentally the affections and the understanding as opposite departments ; the one affectional, the other intellectual, and the intellectual as the legitimate guide and controller of the affectional.

The power of generalization man begins to use as soon as he is man. Every child generalizes as soon as it begins to talk. If this power of generalization were not primitive and inherent, no child could ever learn a language. No mother-tongue is learned entirely by imitation. There are words which can never be taught. They are the products of the mind's own action — as but, for, and perhaps. The power of abstraction, that is, of rising from particulars to generals, is the mark of common sense. Not to have it is idiocy. To think is

to generalize, and one thinks about and generalizes that of which one is most conscious. This consciousness, to all external people of every age and nationality, is the consciousness of the affections or desires. The intellectual principle which accompanies every instinct is always there, but it is more internal, and the affections are more clamorous, so that all false religions in every age of the world, and under every form of civilization, are a worship of the affectional principle as contrasted and opposed to the intellectual or rational principle.

Every fact in humanity has its correspondence in material or external nature, and, therefore, every principle in human nature can be symbolized or expressed by a material principle or the generalization of an activity in external nature. There are in the world of nature two forces always at work, namely, the creative and the productive forces. Every plant that grows from the earth upward, and is suckled and nourished by the productive powers in the earth in the forms of soil, heat and moisture, must be implanted as a seed, and the creative forces by which the plant lives are drawn from the air and sky, that is, the material sphere directly opposed to the ground in which its root is. Even in the material and most external world every existence draws its life from a sphere of

existence outside of and above itself. This law holds good throughout creation.

The false worship of the old world was the deification of the productive forces of nature in the personifications of gods and goddesses.

The creative forces of nature are primitively worshiped under the images of the sun, and that which represents the brightness, warmth, and majesty of the sun. The decline in these nature-worships is the falling into a more and more exclusive worship of the productive as distinguished from the creative powers. These productive forces are represented in the form of goddesses, because these forces are in their functions and characteristics feminine.

As false religions decline from the worship of the creative to the worship of the productive principle in nature, the rites and ceremonies by which the religion is symbolized and expressed simultaneously decline to a greater coarseness and sensuality. Every religion has its vital and destructive side, and every religion begins in its best and declines to its worst.

All religious ideas and sentiments are expressed through a corresponding ceremonial, and the tendency of false worships is to degenerate into coarseness and license.

This same law of the decline in the principle of worship is shown on the internal plane, in

which good, as the spiritual essence of the productive power, takes precedence over truth, which is the internal form of the creative. These false religions are essentially the worship of good over truth on the most external, material plane. When we see it in its greatest externality, patent to the senses, we are shocked at its grossness. This grossness of form is owing to the great externality of the age to which it belongs. But whenever and wherever the affectional principle is deified, and truth sacrificed to good, the degradation of religion takes place. The degradation means a more refined garb as the product of greater external refinement in thinking and acting, but this only hides the actual principle of the change. It adds really to its deceptive character. Satan, in the form of an angel of light, is no less Satan, however beautiful he looks. I would repeat that the worship of the productive forces of nature in the heathen goddesses Ashtaroth, Ceres, Diana, and others is the worship of the instinctive, the affectional, the natural, the good, unsubjected to the creative, the intellectual, the supernatural, the truth. These old civilizations, out of which Abraham was called, put the lower for the higher, and so does every form of thought in Christendom that puts good above truth, and so worships the manifestation for the reality.

CHRISTIANITY AND NATURAL RELIGION.

DR. HEDGE, after saying that Protestant Christianity has two foes, Romanism and science, limited himself to the conflict between religion and science, assuming at the outset that Christianity and religion were one and the same.

This fusion of Christianity and religion has come logically from the more and more strenuous denial by the Unitarian community of any and all doctrines strictly theological. To give up all statement concerning the nature of the Divine Being and His supernatural relations to man is to retain only natural religion, which is the worship of an infinitely great and good being, the ruler of the universe.

Christianity, properly so called, is not one with natural religion, whether considered separately or collectively. It assumes this as its basis, as belonging to or proceeding from the natural development of the religious sentiment in man, but is itself a revelation of a quite distinct and opposite order of truth. Natural religion, by which is meant the instinct of worship and the

intuition of a being corresponding to this primal need of the soul, is the necessary basis of Christianity. These sentiments and intuitions constitute man a religious being, and so make him capable of becoming a recipient of Christianity, as he must be first an individual man before he can come under the conditions of organized society. It is this fact, that he is a religious being receptive of the intuition of a God in his reason, and conscious of soul-experiences which demand a spiritual world as counterpart, as the impression upon our senses demands a correlated external world, which makes possible to him a revelation of spiritual truth, of which his religious experiences are natural forms and suggestions.

The reverence for an infinite being, a perfectly wise and beneficent ruler of the universe, and the correlated truths of the superiority of the moral life, and the continuance of life to the spirit after the death of the body, belong to the normal susceptibilities and gradual unfoldings of man's nature. In this natural development of thought and sentiment, the sure and unvarying process is from the internal to the external, "out of the everywhere into the here."

In the earliest conditions of the soul and the race, the religious intuitions suggest prayer and

expiation and sacrifice, accompanied, as these intuitions invariably are, with a pervading sense of sin. As the moral consciousness rises to a higher individual plane, that is, as the mind becomes more perceptive of what is individual rather than of what is universal, this sense of sin dies out, and is replaced by a sense of imperfection, which in its turn passes off in the processes of moral culture, and is dissipated at last in the quiet of self-approval.

With the obliteration of the sense of sin in the consciousness, the more secret intuitions of the methods of pardon and atonement are banished into unreality. The words themselves begin to ring false, as conventional and traditional. Surely where there is no separation, no *at-one-ment* is possible. With the expulsion of the sense of sin every other primitive doctrine must vanish. They stand or fall together.

Unitarian Christianity is the transcript of the moral consciousness. It is a psychology. No revelation is needed, only the quickening of certain intellectual faculties and the refining of the moral perceptions. Its form of thought is the result of moral culture. The individual and the race having risen to a higher plane of individual thought and consciousness, pass, as it were, into a well-ordered room, clean, still, and light. The soul is scarcely conscious of any

antagonism within itself of a higher and lower impulse and principle, far less of any enmity to the divine love and wisdom. It looks within and finds noble aspirations and loving purposes, dashed now and then by a shadow of self-love, but on the whole far more in harmony with purity and right than the reverse. In consistent and sincere self-respect, it banishes as abhorrent to enlightened reason the spectres of sin, depravity, and an offended God that haunted the imaginations of the earlier world. Necessarily in this reading of the consciousness all the peculiar doctrines of the mediæval church concerning reconciliation and redemption are rejected as outworn fables. There is no need of them. The more candid the soul the more decided its rejection. It does not find within itself any correlated need. But such a soul accepts in delight, grows, and takes comfort in the unrestricted development of natural religion. It was a living faith to our fathers, and they christened it by the ancient name because the old name was still a spell to conjure religious emotion and faith; but the bolder thought and freer speech of this generation logically rejects the christening and calls it Free Religion.

I respect every free religionist who says he is not a Christian. I think Unitarianism, with its

clinging to Christian names and rites, as Baptism and the Supper (which are very lovely in their way as consecration and memorial, but should not be named christening and communion), tends more to delay the announcement of true Christianity than does Radicalism. Let Unitarianism call itself the highest form of natural religion. Let it have its rites of consecration and memorial, and gather around them all that is lovely and attractive to the eye and heart; but let it be done as an offering to the Father, the beneficent ruler of men, and in respect for the brother and teacher, Jesus of Nazareth,—not observed in the name of the Christ, for the Christ in any other than a fanciful sense is not needed nor demanded if the soul is by nature in harmony with the divine order.

It is true, as Dr. Hedge asserts, that there is no conflict possible between religion and science, because they are both developments of human thought and experience in different departments. But between all natural thought and inferences, whether religious or scientific, and the truths of Christianity, or the doctrine of a Christ as mediator between God and man, there is and must be an eternal conflict, because they represent, not only different, but entirely distinct and opposite orders of thought.

Men are wiser than they know. The Uni-

tarian consciousness, no longer finding within itself any condition expressive of sin or separation, (for the words are radically the same,) necessarily repudiates it as a doctrine, and with it the correlated doctrines of atonement and redemption. It is true that these terms cover no fact of the natural relation between man and deity. When the mind conceives these spiritual ideas under natural forms of thought, it shows that that mind is dominated by the religious sentiments, and has not come into the light of the understanding, or has not allowed that light to fall upon its religious beliefs. It is in the primitive condition of the consciousness, in the race as in the individual, that the sense of separation is embodied in rites of expiation and sacrifice, or in dogmas which are the intellectual statements of the same.

To this condition of the consciousness revelation is possible, because it possesses within itself natural forms of thought and feeling which incarnate and so make a reality to the mind of spiritual ideas.

We repeat that the revelation of the Christ or divine humanity into which the soul must be redeemed through the sacrifice of its own principle of life, and by which alone it can become recipient of the divine inspirations, can be accepted by the consciousness when domi-

nated by religious intuitions and sentiments ; but the Unitarian consciousness, being moral and consequently external, is not cognizant of these truths, and consistently rejects them as the products of a barbaric era.

I consider Unitarianism to have done a noble work by developing and elevating the moral nature. It has freed the mind from formulas that had become narrow and material. It has brought out the human side of thought and life. It has emancipated man. It has won the battle for freedom. It has refined the natural life in its gentle and beneficent ministrations. Yet it is natural religion only. It does not need to be revealed in any special sense. It is the product of the gradual uplifting and unfolding of humanity as fitted for this primal plane of existence. But it really does not open any vista for the ages beyond. Neither does it dare to face the terrible mysteries of existence, — the mysteries of wrong, cruelty, destruction, and vengeance that fill the world of nature and of humanity with cries of suffering. Advanced Unitarians themselves begin to feel that their central doctrines of the integrity of the human will, and the fatherly providence of the Most High, do not solve or explain the open tragedy of existence.

A disobedient child of a loving father cannot

be called a sinner. He is at most a fractious child, to be taken back to the embrace upon the first signs of sorrow. But the religious consciousness, in contradistinction to the moral consciousness, attests to something far more radical than this. All religious confession attests in all ages a sense of separation and antagonism, recognizes the phenomenon of sin as entirely different from vice or crime. These latter are individual or social ; sin is generic. In natures where the understanding is highly developed, the moral sentiments supreme, and the internal conditions orderly and harmonious, these depths are shut over like earth-caverns once open to sight, but latterly closed in and covered with flowers. Such persons know only the outermost crust or top-layer of their being. Now and then into this delicate crust enters the harsh ploughshare of some terrible sorrow or profound passion, and the soul finds itself amid the roots or ground-soil of its being, and becomes convulsed with problems that find no solution nor consolation in the voices of nature within or without. The God of nature is pitiless, executing his laws with merciless exactitude, omnipotent indeed and all-wise, but separated by impassable barriers from this creature-man, this thwarted, deceived creature, betrayed by all the hopes and visions that floated in his

morning sky. This God is strong, impassible, self-centred. This creature is convicted of incompetence, weakness, defeat. The gulf between the two is impassable. What can puny human effort or will avail to bridge it? Man cannot go up to God. If God comes not down, the two can never meet. Where the meeting is, must the mediator be. Twice in the soul's history is this experience of sin and need, and the conditions of a revelation, made possible. First, when passing through the phases of a true religious experience, it receives divine truth through these, as the natural forms of spiritual ideas. And, secondly, when, having used all it can appropriate of the moral side of truth, it is awakened out of its smiling calm by some convulsion of thought or life, an illumination from the highest reason flashes a light into its darkness, and Christian or spiritual truth is apprehended as the *rationale* of creation, the revealing of the law or method of the universe. Then is seen the meaning of the doctrine of the Christ, and why Christendom has clung so tenaciously to it. At once humanity is seen as one; the soul as one; character, history, destiny, deliverance, as one. No conception of union from without, no touching of bodily hands, no community of person or property, no ministrations of aid or sympathy, can approach

this sense of unity in one life; one in sin or separation, one in the hope of redemption. The consciousness of separation brings the recognition of the revelation, and the announcement of revelation awakens the sense of sin. They are coördinate. The sense of need is the condition of perception.

The forms of thought and life in religious experience, being natural, can only represent spiritual verities. Revelation is made through representation. The most universal form of religious experience is a sense of sin, not of this or that overt act, but a sense of separateness from ineffable purity; and the earliest religious rites are sacrificial and expiatory.

These rites, like the dogmas that accompany them, are the symbolizing by the imagination of the conceptions evolved from the religious nature. As the plane of consciousness is elevated, all the phases of thought and feeling becoming more orderly, the formulas that the understanding makes of these internal facts are more moral and human, and being products of the understanding and fancy, instead of the religious sentiments and imagination, are less stimulating to the religious nature. Even Luther complained of the decline of piety in his household. "How is it," he says to Katherine Von Bora, "that we prayed often and fer-

vently in the cloister, and now so seldom and coldly?" And Unitarians acknowledge with wonder and sadness the coldness of their religious services. Dr. Gannett, the ardent and militant Unitarian, confesses that he is refreshed and set aglow by contact with Orthodox societies.

The doctrines of natural religion, evolved from the development of the human consciousness, cannot reach the profoundest depths of the human soul. Deep only calleth unto deep. The eternity of the infinite must appeal to the eternity of the finite. Man may glorify himself and find a certain satisfaction in the facts of moral development, but he truly responds only to that which is not himself. Out of his "deeps," indeed, man cries out, but the answering word must come from deeps not his nor of him. And the answer to his profoundest cry is always concerning the nature of deity. In great crises, man is not curious about the wonders of nature or the mode of its processes, or the means and method of doing external good to his fellows, but feels intuitively that a revelation of God's nature will solve all other problems.

Who and what art thou? "Let me see thee," said Moses; and the highest beatitude is not any assurance of personal wellbeing, but the promise of seeing God.

This demand to see God, I consider to be the demand for a theology, and no luxury of moral or religious sentiments, no concert of moral harmonies in character or society, can supersede this deepest demand of humanity. If the thing were not too absurd, we could say, rather let all religion go and give us a theology; for the former concerns our own rightness and consolation, but the latter supposes and demands a knowledge of Him who fills the heavens and the earths. Religion, it is said, is not only possible, but actual. It is the yearning of the human soul toward ever nobler conditions; but theology, it is contended, is neither possible nor actual. Certainly here comes in the necessity of a revelation: God himself must tell of himself. Paul claims that he has done this, that he has shown the mystery of the Godhead in the things that he has made; that all nature, including the soul of man as its head, represents in its constitution the mode of the divine existence, and that this constitution is triune.

Two opposite spheres are made one by the subjection of the external to the internal, for use or manifestation. God the Christ is the manifestation and glory of God the Father, being made one with the Father through the sacrifice within himself of the principle of the finite life, and through the Father one with

the infinite, indefinite spirit, the Holy Ghost of God. If God is simple unity, then is no creation possible. How can variety come from unity, say the old thinkers; how can differentiation proceed from that in which there is no difference? If God is simple unity, then there can be but one kind of life, — either the divine life and the degrading and trifling incarnations of Indian mythologies, or the life of nature and the development of all consciousness from one primal force, subject to infinitesimal modes of motion. This wipes out all boundary lines between God and man, and man and the brute, and certainly fails to solve the riddle of aspiration and struggle. If God is unity, then the innermost of every man is God, as the Transcendentalists claim, and there is no way of accounting for the constant fact of physical and moral evil, and the constant failure of the actual to substantiate the ideal.

But if God is conceived as an absolute being, containing within his consciousness the union of infinite and finite principles, the one subjected to the other as manifestation, and both one with indefinite, infinite spirit, then we can conceive two opposite spheres of being and of life, the spiritual and the natural; and the opposition of the two is seen as the source of all the contradictions of life, and their recon-

ciliation through sacrifice the fruition of man's destiny.

The Christianity of the day is not particularly assailed by science, as it has already succumbed to the influx of nature in thought and life. What Christendom needs is to have the foundation truths of Christianity enunciated in formulas broad enough to substantiate the difference of the spheres, and recast in doctrines that shall be to the advanced reason enunciations of spiritual law, yet profound enough to baptize the soul with an ever new sense of unfathomable mystery.

What Christendom needs to oppose the encroachments of natural religion is, not the assertion of the existence of a God, the spontaneousness of prayer, or the continuance of life beyond the grave, because these are treasure-trove in its own domain, but rather the statement of a doctrine concerning the divine nature itself, a theology corresponding to rational conceptions; the opposition of the natural man in the height of his glory and beauty to the plan and purposes of God; the consequent necessity of redemption in the very principle of his nature, and the offer not only of natural immortality, but of eternal life, through the Christ, or divine humanity. The development of these sublime themes, and the grand solutions they

offer to the slights and havocs put upon the interests and happiness of the natural life, told with conviction and power, will, when the fullness of time comes, and humanity is recovered from the drunkenness of itself, from "the wine that never grew in the belly of the grape," so convince and enamish the reason and heart that the progress and triumphs of natural thought shall recede to their lower, appropriate place. The miracles of Christianity, or the proofs of the laws of creation working in and through the redemption of man, shall surpass to the imagination the marvels discovered by science.

UNITARIANISM.

I WOULD suggest that Unitarianism is not so much a doctrine or body of doctrines as a phase of development. Few of this name have the same form of thought concerning the occult subjects of God, man, and the relation between the two. But with these intellectual differences, there are definite mental and moral characteristics which classify minds as Unitarian. The most decisive of these marks are an activity of understanding which demands the adjustment of all ideas and sentiments to the world of action, and a habit of insisting upon worth of character as the result and test of religious attainment.

For the freedom it secures to individual development, and for this persistent demand that thought shall be actualized in life, let all praise be given to this *Alma Mater* of our religious life. We may thank God that we have been born and bred Unitarians, since by this and through this we stand on our own feet and think with our own heads. We are surely strong enough to look about us and see if we

really have all that we need. We are clean from bigotry and tradition, so clean that we can afford to look back and ask what this bigotry and tradition mean ; and forward, too, and ask if we have enough spiritual food and light to front the ineffable and inevitable eternities. I wish, first of all, that we could bring ourselves to a more searching confession. I wish that we would not use words and phrases that do not belong to us, — that do not express any of our experience or aspiration. I wish that we could have a certain brave and loyal consistency between the substance of our beliefs and hopes, and the words of our prayers and hymns.

We have thrown off the heavy doctrinism of the churches, but we keep more or less its phraseology. This, I think, is a great hindrance to the coming into mental and moral clearness. We are not a church ; we are a congregation of individuals. We are not a mass of believers ; we are units of thinkers.

Our honest protest against irrational beliefs, and strenuous effort to transform belief into life, have developed us into more or less pronounced individuality. We are separated, not only from the past, but from each other. We think and live apart, and have no communion of life. Our very individuality forbids it.

We have come too far out into the light and

clearness of personality to give the august name of unity of life to mere bodily proximity or social and affectional reunions. Let us cease altogether from the profanity of giving to similarity of thinking and feeling, or the meeting together for work or discussion, the sublime name of Christian union. I do not think we do this to any great degree. We stand upon our individuality. By suggestions from this we learn our own personal and present need, but get no hint to any universal and eternal demand. We know where we are and what we want, but when we come to teach, what have we to say? This: I am bound to live my life, and you equally so to live yours. What you have learned and know is of worth to you. Is it of worth to me? What do you know that is equally mine as thine and thine as mine? I appreciate your excellence, but your meekness, disinterestedness, and benevolence may, or may not, be the result of your finer organization and temperament. That state of mind and heart, which in one is the spontaneous play of emotion and thought, may be wrought out by another through energies of will that at once concentrate and consume life. What is the common meter? Our very virtues separate us; we talk of the good and bad, and become lost in the maze of subjective judgments.

We are separated and labelled as individuals. We are affectional, moral, religious ; but are we Christian ? That is the vital question. I conceive that Christianity is the opposite of individualism. It is not moral or religious culture, not more or less perfectness of life. It is life indeed, but not a life which is mine or thine. The life that issues in the development of the individual in moral and religious wellbeing is the natural life,—is what makes man, man. Virtue, according to its etymology, is the nature or condition of manhood. The good man is the complete man. But goodness is not Christianity. Goodness separates and distinguishes. It is modest but not humble : humility belongs to a different order of experience. We call humility a grace, and so distinguish it from a virtue. Language is full of terms representing these two orders of thought.

Unitarianism, as a phase of culture, is full of virtues. It is honest, loving, and giving. It is at home in nature. It finds fellowship in the morning sweetness and the evening hush. It is not abashed before the purity of the woods and the bold innocence of the rivers. It is helpful, self-controlled, and brave. It is the true natural life ; the working out of individual activities to healthy and legitimate aims, and the issue into free, harmonious development.

Natural life has the right to be. It comes first in the order of thought and time. But history is written all over with names that men do not make but find. One of these ineffaceable words is Christianity. I think this term means just that life which is *not* the natural life of man. A man may be at the apex of human excellence and yet not be a Christian.

Unitarians do right in clinging to and cherishing human excellence in all its forms. No other sect has so readily and heartily recognized it under whatever form of belief, or as result of whatever variety of culture. But we make it not only first, but final. It is introductory, and we make it ultimate. We know its worth. We know that out of this free putting forth of the natural has resulted the civilizations of the world, as well as its confusions. It is of necessity, and has the rights of necessity. Without it no other could be. It is the timing of the timeless, the form to the formless. But by making the development of the natural life the ultimate of creation and destiny, we overlook or deny the great instincts and intuitions of the race. We leave out of language (that wonderful retainer and revealer of mysteries) a whole vocabulary of terms. Or, if we accept and use them, we belittle and pervert them by forcing upon them dishonest definitions. Better reject

them wholly and bravely than make them stand for what they do not mean. Disgusted with the formal and irrational repetition of them, we put upon them an interpretation of our own as irrational and far more deceptive.

Now does the word Christianity cover any fact or idea deeper, or different in kind, from the highest and purest religions of the old civilizations? Does it excel in precept or example the pietism of the olden world or the pure and lofty moralism of Epictetus? Surely not, if it is in the same line of direction. But I do not think that it is this; that is, merely a later and fairer form of the golden results of civilization and culture. I think it is not moral precept, nor good and wise living, nor the recognition of the divine fatherhood and providence. It is a doctrine of the Christ. It is a doctrine,—that is, a truth to be taught.

As Unitarians, we have in myriad instances scaled the heights of human virtue. No sectarian list is ampler with pure reputations. No saints' calendar may more bravely confront the questioning of the skeptic.

But in looking upon virtuous attainment as the end and aim of man's destiny, we set up an idol in the place of God. Not content with adorning it with the beauty that belongs to it, we crown it with glory stolen from another

sphere of being and doing, and so do, in fact and word, deny the Christ. I think we must acknowledge this. If we believe that we have the whole truth, let us be bold in saying it. In this I respect the radical wing of our denomination. It denies the Christ consistently and honestly — and so puts itself in harmony with the policy and science of the age which recognizes but one kind of life in the universe, one grand unity of creator and creation.

Professor Everett finds in language the proof of certain processes of thought. Thus and thus do men speak, because according to this method and no other do they think.

As forms of expression follow necessary laws, independent of human will or caprice, so do words represent and interpret conceptions and experiences native and universal to the soul.

Language is strewn with wonderful words, like sacrifice, redemption, communion, faith. Because these grand terms have been used by lips that have never quivered with the fire of self-consciousness, and so have become degraded in our association, let us at least leave them alone, and not put upon them the narrow and destructive definitions of our own individualism.

Let us stand steadily for what we know and for what we do not know. Let us avoid

mistiness and confusion, and intermixing of that which is distinct, separate, and opposite.

As Unitarians, our honest and logical words are development, progress, good-fellowship, experience. If we keep these clear and sweet from alien admixture, we shall be more likely to use the others with insight and equity. Surely these terms are not convertible and will not be converted by the clear head and honest lip into the others.

Sacrifice, redemption, communion, faith, belong to an entirely different order of thought. They stand for quite opposite conceptions. The fact that they have been and still are used formally and irrationally does not affect their value as terms representing realities.

I think that in the intuitions of the race, Christianity and its correlated terms of sacrifice, redemption, and communion, reveal and represent the conception of a life which is not the issue of the varied human activities culminating in their completion and perfection. It expresses the opposite of individualism. And the intensest individualism is the necessary and legitimate outcome of moral and religious culture.

But on this indispensable natural basis a life is to be inducted which Christianity represents and expresses as a divine descent pos-

sessing itself of the soul ; in the fullness of time superseding personal and individual aims by making the perfected soul a medium of its divine manifestations.

It is the inspiration in humanity of a life which abolishes all pride, merit, and distinction, revealing its own glory through man. The redemption into this divine life is, in this sphere of our consciousness, the object of faith and hope, not of fruition. This life is hidden in God, and by faith in it, and hope of it, we live the natural life out to its end, wherever in space and time that end may be.

Consequently upon the exclusive belief in the natural order of thought and experience, which is the belief of the most prominent thinkers of the present age, are our views concerning the treatment and education of childhood.

Believers in the divineness of natural goodness, and looking upon children as morally innocent, we have exaggerated their innocence into sanctity, and have mistaken the charm of their immaturity for the beauty of holiness.

Our loving-kindness to them is cruelty. Instead of being instructed and subjected, childhood is consulted as authority, and respected as example. It is so entirely trusted that it is left unguarded, — so revered that it lan-

guishes unguided. For the same reason and under the same social surroundings, age is pushed aside as effete and useless. Youth despises it, because it has no future, — disregards its wisdom as obsolete — and in its broader and advancing generalizations, includes, as Dr. Holmes says, its own father.

For result we have childhood and youth, keen to perceive and eager to act, but neither self-distrustful, deferent, nor dependent. Age, dismantled of the glory and mystery of a new birth and nascent destiny, grasps backward at the fast receding merits of the natural order, as it finds itself without dignity or authority in a world where no longer is held sacred the crown of thorns, but of value only is the jubilant step and incisive will.

Childhood is overestimated and age is undervalued. Thus the increase in society of childish characteristics, superficiality, unreason, and love of pleasure.

Surely the one remedy for the confusions of society and disharmonies of homes is the reëstablishment in our midst of Christianity; the republication of the doctrine of the Christ. Not that this life is to be set aside or contemned in any of the methods of its betterment. But surely it has had its chance. It has pleaded its cause and gained it.

From the moment when humanity, pulsing with new thought, protested its maturity and rights in the face of its exacting and domineering mother-Church, all through its long education in the various and varying sects, it has constantly advanced in freedom and assertion, until, under Unitarian culture, it stands exempt from all outside restraint and authority. Now it may be, the time has come for it to be convicted of weakness and dependence. It should be shown that it is of subsidiary value, subservient and preparatory to a life that differs not only in degree but in kind; a life that may or may not be actualized for ages, because it does not depend upon time, but upon more or less completeness of conditions. The faith in and hope of this life must be the element to control and subject all natural manifestation, and the recognition of which can alone keep the individual and society safe and pure through all the perilous but necessary and inevitable phases of development.

Children, far from being spiritual, are only imperfectly natural. It is to the unfolding of this nature, which is the creature of God, that adults apply themselves through nurture and education. How much more effectively might this be done, if we could recognize the subsidiary character of all education, moral and re-

ligious as well as intellectual ; that its value lies in the fact that the whole nature must be developed as condition and means ; that it is the maturing of the plant, all the fruit and foliage of which is but the varied expression of what lay inclosed in the native germ. But education (and what is all life in its minutest and largest experience but a series of lessons learned, and tasks set and done) does not induct into the spiritual. In the natural order, we ascend from the lower to the higher, ever and ever upward. Thus do we gain fullness and vigor. But the spiritual is a descent from heaven, which comes not as reward of merit or guerdon of endeavor, but offered in the fullness of time to whomsoever has learned that with Him is no respect of persons. In the faith and by the hope of that divine life which shall ultimately make the human soul a medium of itself, and by that alone, can we bear the disquietudes and disharmonies of the present, and the obsolete words of patience and resignation resume their pristine meaning and power.

Is the Unitarian world ready to make these distinctions ? Has it not done sufficient justice to the natural ? Is it not drawing to the close of the defense of the life that now is ? Do we not begin to feel our overestimate and exag-

geration of this life — and long for the recognition of that which can only be made perfect in the heavens — and before which and in which our petty individualism shall vanish ? Once and again must the old symbolism be revived, because it covers truths as profound as the being of God ; truths, without the apprehension of which, humanity must wither as the cut flower or uprooted tree.

Let us be true to our Unitarian birthright of honesty and veracity, and not use this symbolism, save as it represents ideas as ancient and universal as itself.

Let us search our faith and see if not in its own deficiencies lies the reason why it cannot meet the great, dumb, unintellectual need, or interpret the advanced religious consciousness, and so does not save from the present tragedy or solve the spiritual problem. Surely the old symbolism, the forever old and forever new, because founded in eternal correspondences, shall again speak to the imagination and heart of mysteries, unfathomable to the understanding, and temper the rush and gamesomeness of the natural life by the grand seriousness and sublime pathos of eternity.

THE IDEAL CHURCH.

THE Ideal Church must recognize the right of the natural to its free expression and development. It must recognize not simple unity but union of twain in a higher third, that is, trinity. The trinity has been held as a dogma, resolvable either into unity or tri-deity. It has not been accepted as a philosophic formula. Godhead has been conceived either as one, simple, uniform essence, a unity inseparable even in conception, from which nothing could proceed, or a union of distinct Godheads; not as the one God in three descending spheres of life or personality. The Ideal Church must be founded in the law of trinity. It must recognize the Godhead as a complex being, infolding within himself all the laws of the spiritual and material universe. It must recognize the divine humanity, or the method of union between God and man, by humanity's reception of the principle of spiritual life, and becoming one with God by change of substance — the spiritual manifesting itself through natural forms. Humanity in its redemption must enter into *one life*, individual-

ties being only multiplied and varied expressions of this. One life, one faith, one baptism.

The Ideal Church will cherish the natural life, holding in perspective its union with the spiritual.

The spiritual and natural, the Catholic and Protestant churches shall have no outside union, no mere tolerance and compromise, but reconciliation in the spirit, the recognition of each other's rights, and the anticipation of the blending and fusion of claims in and through love. In the Ideal Church the two factors must be kept distinct. The spiritual must not deride and tyrannize over the natural, forcing it into a premature and hated subjection ; nor must the natural assume to itself the prerogatives of the spiritual, setting itself up as the ultimate of the soul, or confounding and merging its position and qualities in that of the other. It must be self-contained, self-respecting, insisting upon its singlehood, a Diana upon the mountains, chaste, coy, content. The natural must not hasten to give itself away ; it must learn to wait. Nothing can exceed, to my imagination, the dignity of the natural when true to its law and biding its time.

Life is development and movement. Radically it is full of labials, the most fluid of articulate sounds. Death is stagnation. In all

languages the word is uttered in dentals, expressing the passed, the outworn.

Negation impoverishes. The union of the infinite and finite in their representatives, the spiritual and natural, is a feast, a marriage supper. It can only be expressed in language by a rhythm, a song. Heaven is a perpetual hymn of praise.

The Ideal Church represents, as the Catholic does, something done and finished, an accomplished fact, the reconciliation of the infinite and finite in creation, and the "Lamb slain from the foundation of the world" in redemption. That is done, that is provided for.

The work of humanity is simply to adore and to unfold. The relation between deity and humanity is infinitely varied, thence complexity of worship. Both the natural and spiritual forces act constantly upon man. He is *man*, that is, the middle term, the point of meeting. He is not pure spirit, infinite or finite. The finite principle in itself, unsubjected in creation, is the *separate*, that is the Satan. Satan is separatist, revolter, rebel.

The Ideal Church must be both father and mother. Father in the presentation of ideas of the reason (laws of trinity in unity, laws of creation and redemption), and mother in the nurture of the natural to its free and full de-

velopment. But this nurture must be according to law, in obedience to the authority of the spiritual. It must be a nurture in and through admonition.

The Ideal Church will mother humanity until it is grown up. Then the soul must choose its life itself.

I would repeat that the Catholic Church is sublime in so far as it represents the Ideal Church, in the assertion of unity and universality of doctrine, because truth is one, indivisible, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever; being the statement to the reason of the absolute fact of things, or the eternal relations of infinite and finite life. Truth is perfect from the beginning, full grown, inviolable, immutable, admitting no shadow of change, eternal as God himself.

Again, the Catholic Church represents the Ideal Church as it recognizes the complexity of man's nature, a nature having a within and a without, all sights and sounds awaking corresponding receptivities, so that a ritual of worship to be perfect must be as varied and grand, as infinite in form and suggestion as is nature itself, or as the chords possible to be touched in the soul of humanity which in its gamut is as high as heaven, as deep as hell.

To the Ideal Church belong architecture,

sculpture, painting, poetry, and music. The Catholic Church has been right in claiming that art should use Christian symbolism. But the Ideal Church shall recognize nature also, but in its due place, nature in order not in disorder, as human subject to divine; the oxen and sheep shall be present, but they must kneel in the presence of the infant Christ. Nature must look upward not downward.

The Ideal Church will recognize *religion* as a part, the crown, indeed, of man's natural development, but Christianity as the assertion of great rational or spiritual ideas. The central of these ideas is the divine humanity, or the doctrine of the reception of the divine life in humanity. The divine humanity is the method of union between God and man, the redemption of man's nature into the divine by the transubstantiation of the principle of selfhood (through which alone it gets its development or hold upon individual existence) for the principle of divine love, which is the communication and transmission of life to universal not personal ends; the subjection of individual to community of life.

Now the presence of these ideas (which are only the statement of the nature of God and man and their mutual relation) can never, when absolutely and broadly stated, hinder or repress

development, but only stimulate the nature to an orderly, not disorderly, unfolding. Humanity tends to disorder, as we have said. It goes astray as soon as it is born. Being the junction, not union of opposite forces, it continually oscillates, and, its life-principle being selfhood, it constantly tends to run off the balance even in its noblest manifestations. It is safe only when it is under authority.

The soul begins with an inherited, traditional life. We call ourselves free, and yet we are hedged in by social and moral traditions that enter even into our physical being. These traditions are the laws of the soul's life, and the child-soul gets nurture, expansion, and growth by and through them. Its individuality is restrained and governed by the social and moral laws, which upon that plane stand for the universal principle in the universe. Thus the greater part of humanity is kept safe and sure. The rampant individuality is subdued and modified by social and moral influences. Peril begins when the soul starts to go alone. Upon every plane, the highest as well as the lowest, there are excesses and vagaries.

The Catholic Church represented spiritual authority when it branded all escape from its controlling idea as heresies, even when these escapes were the outcome of the religious experiences of a Guyon or Behmen.

The inner mystical life of the soul is fullest of all perils when the authority of certain great spiritual ideas, the inspirations of the reason, are not recognized. In proportion to the force and originality of the soul is the peculiarity of its danger. These internal experiences and convictions, when the soul sounds the depths of its individuality, unguided and unheld by light and limit outside of itself, issue out in ordinary cases in all the forms of egoism that belong to the Transcendental phase, or in rarer cases, in attributing to the personality divine qualities and an unconscious worship of the *Me* in the place of the Christ.

The Ideal Church allows and demands the development of humanity to its perfection, but under the control and authority of ideas which represent objective, eternal truth; a development not for its own sake, but for the sake of the divine humanity which ever hovers over the natural as the ideal, or in the old formula, for Christ's sake. We thank thee, we pray to thee for Christ's sake. This is the essence of sublimest prayer, the grand refrain of all worship. The development of humanity for its own sake, its unfolding as the culmination of things, make it its own God, and is the only real idolatry.

Religion, all religions recognize the fatherhood and providence of God, the training of

the soul through sacrifice and worship and obedience to a better and more harmonious condition. Christianity does not do away with this necessity of religion. It recognizes God as creator, governor, and father. It insists upon worship and obedience as so many school-masters. It is the doctrine of glad tidings, inasmuch as it announces an end to the "endless toil and endeavor," the weary reaching up and on to an unattained and unattainable ideal; to the disappointment and dismay that perfection recedes just in proportion as it is sought, so that the ascetic, utterly unworldly Edwards bewails his vileness, and St. Paul counts himself chief of sinners.

This is a fact of religious experience. The more faithful and devoted the soul, the more its inward eye sharpens to every fly-speck of failure, till at last self is felt to be a *Nessus* shirt that clings the closer the greater the effort to cast it off. It is the intensified religious consciousness that has the haunting sense of sin. This is philosophically so, because the more intense the consciousness, the more completely is developed the selfhood, the necessary core of our being, that which makes man, man, which antagonizes man to God and constitutes the soul a candidate for redemption.

Childlike souls, who dwell in the outskirts of consciousness, feel their power and inno-

cence, and are right from their standpoint in insisting upon these. Their deeps are not broken. The way of the human is untrod. Humanity as yet is an unexplored and undiscovered region. These have but stepped upon its border land.

The Ideal Church will not hasten this development. It will respect the fullness of times. It will wait for the midday hour. But in the presence of the spiritual, inexperience will not be aggressive and assertive. It will be reverent and humble, enjoying the goods that Providence gives, serving out its time in the modesty and reverence of ideal youth. But to the awakened and experienced consciousness, Christianity is the good tidings of emancipation from toil, from unsuccess, from despair. The distance between the infinite and finite has been bridged. God has descended and meets man halfway; the divine humanity reconciles the two extremes; faith supplants works. This Christ is the accepted Son. All shortcomings vanish into the abyss of nothingness, forms and shadows that flee into the night.

“Just one touch of his hand clears the distance.”

Christianity, the assertion of absolute, objective truth, the Son of God transubstantiated into the life and love of the soul, living bread and living wine, is the tidings forever new, forever glad, and of great joy.

LETTERS.

Fancy and Imagination.

SEPTEMBER 20, 1887.

MY DEAR FRIENDS, — I am so surprised at the way you speak of the fancy, as if it were inferior or worthless in itself. Why, the fancy in its legitimate place and function, and under subjection to the internal law that should guide it, is as important and necessary as any mental function. It is to the fancy we owe our perception of the beautiful in nature and art, and certainly the richness of expression in language. Nearly all poets (not the highest) owe their place to the possession of a rich and cultivated fancy. I consider Mr. Emerson to be predominantly a poet of the fancy rather than of the imagination. Milton, Dante, and Tasso are poets of the imagination, and Browning in a few of his greatest poems. I do not know any poem of Mr. Emerson's that I should call a poem of the imagination, though I was one of the very earliest and have been the most per-

sistent in insisting upon the exquisite subtlety of his thought and marvelous perfection of expression. The Bible is a work of the imagination. So are the rites and ceremonies of the Christian Church. These rites and ceremonies are so purely products of the imagination that they are evidently pure inspirations. Gregory First, in the sixth century, did much to arrange and develop them, but the poems of baptism, communion, and supreme unction had come down through the ages,—God's inspirations to the human race as revelations of the spiritual verities.

The fancy is the power that mediates between the natural or human mind and heart and the external or material creation. We go to nature to find words to express our ideas, sentiments, emotions, and sensations, and these words are symbols of the internal things.

Poets and poetic natures are largely gifted with the power to appropriate from nature some one or more of its phenomena to express the internal condition.

Without fancy there would be no comparisons, no similitudes, no metaphors; indeed, no language whatever, excepting the emotional cries of the animal nature. But of course there is a true and false exercise of the fancy, as there is nothing existent in God's creation that has

not two sides. Fancy must not run riot; it must be subjected and kept in its right place, which is to furnish expression to the varying phases of the human constitution. When it undertakes to express revelations of spiritual truth, or phases of spiritual condition, it usurps a place that does not belong to it, and falsehood and absurdity are the result, as false religious and false philosophies show. When kept in its proper sphere, beauty and order are the result. When it breaks its bounds, disorder and lies are rampant.

The imagination is the power that mediates between natural thought or facts and spiritual facts or eternal verities. It is the great medium of revelation from the infinite to the finite. All vital religious literature is the language of the imagination. This makes the peculiar sacredness of the Bible, and of all books that follow its imagery. It is the great masculine power in poetry, and comparatively very rare. No purely transcendental poet like Mr. Emerson can produce works of imagination, because he did not perceive through the reason or imagination the great law of life which is the opposition of the eternal principles at the base of existence and their union in creation.

No mere poet can see this through the reason. If he did he would be a philosopher, and

so far cease to be a poet. The philosophic insight interferes with the poetic insight, and with all artistic expression other than its own. Compared to the philosopher, the poet, indeed all artists, whether the medium be language, music, or painting, are external and unreliable. It is the philosophic mind, when it is possessed by the true law of life, that is internal and vital.

Mr. Emerson was a man of genius, and said many things which he had not the rationality to develop. One of his sentences was the seed dropped into Mr. Frothingham's more internal nature that became expanded into "The Philosophy." Natures are more or less internally developed. There is an internal development which corresponds in every phase to the physical development. It has nothing to do with more or less intellectual gifts. A child may die a hundred years old, and a man of a hundred years may die a child. There may be, I cannot say it too often, great intellectual and artistic gifts with great internal immaturity.

I am also so surprised, my dear friend, that you should so reluct at the statement of the phantasmal, phenomenal character of human experience. Every religion in the world recognizes this more or less distinctly. All genuine religious literature in prayers and hymns is full of moanings over the shows and illusions

of life, and longings for realities. When the Unitarian mind began to emphasize the worth and value of the moral virtues in themselves, it was the decline of vital, representative religious thought and the advent of mere moralism. The Unitarians were right in enacting their necessary phase in the development of the human mind ; the religious world was also right in insisting that their opponents had eliminated the need and fact of Christ from human history. We are born into a " sea of forms." Every true poet as well as philosopher recognizes this. Every Christian knows it from supernatural experience.

To me it is inexpressibly sublime that the eternal verities which underlie the throne of God are so brought down to our daily experience that in their image and representation we may taste, touch, and handle them. I experience the phenomenal facts of good and evil, and learn thereby that there are not only two sides to natural thought and experience, but that this dualism stretches backward and upward into the home of eternal principles ; the reality, of which all our good and evil is the image and revelation. I know their pictures could not exist unless there was a reality to be pictured. I learn to follow the forms of good because they represent the vital side of the spiritual,

and to avoid the forms of evil because they represent its destructive side. But we accumulate no treasure of virtue and merit in so doing, for our virtues are apparent only, and the reverse of what they seem, being rooted in self-love, out of which we are made, and forming no claim upon divine approval any more than the opposite forms. Indeed, these apparent virtues are more deceitful and dangerous if they are felt even for a moment to be a passport to divine love.

The sphere in which we now exist is a material sphere, that is, it is the most external manifestation of spiritual forces. Do you read Mr. Emerson's *Nature*, yet deny this? It is a world of appearances, as all religionists, speaking from the inspiration of the religious sentiment, so truly say. This cannot be new to any thoughtful reader of litanies and liturgies. It is only new when looked at rationally as a basis of philosophic thought.

Spiritual Laws.

OCTOBER 24, 1887.

I DO claim to have some perception of spiritual laws, which I conceive to be the true secret of the universe. The universe, to my conception, is no bundle of fixed facts, however evolved or created, but a heaving, pulsating, outcom-

ing and progressing life. It is a teeming, striving, producing life in every core and cranny of its activity, but this life is finite, feminine, receptive, productive; is that out of which all mundane things are made. That which subjects, controls, and directs this teeming life is its opposite and master, relatively spiritual, descending upon the more external plane from an interior plane directly over and above it in the order of existence. So there are always at play two kinds and orders of life, and no phenomena are possible save by the union of the two through the sacrifice of the lower as manifestation of the higher. This universal law of life is as absolutely necessary on the most external plane in the production of the lowest fact, as in the manifestation of deity through the incarnate Christ. A law is a fact or principle so universal that it of necessity includes all possible phenomena. I stumble at no miracles or non-miracles, for the whole universe is flux, and things are as they seem to us. I believe this law of life will come to be more perceived by rational minds, and felt by the religious consciousness, as that which underlies and gives significance to all religious rites and ceremonies, and is the dividing knife separating the true from the false.

The law of dualism pervades all creation, and

necessitates two sides to every conceivable form or fact in existence. The natural fact should always be subjected, veiled, and controlled by that which is relatively its spiritual partner ; so when Christian art introduced the veiled and clothed human figure, it was a far higher and more spiritual suggestion than the nude figure of the ancients.

Some transcendental writers try to show that the worship of the emblem of natural life in the Asiatic religions was a sign of greater innocence and purity. On the contrary, it is a sign of ignorance ; the absence of any true revelation which would show that the principle of natural life is not divine nor a legitimate subject of worship, — that such worship leads to corruption, imbecility, and death, as is so clearly seen in all false religions. The spiritual, and that which represents the spiritual, is alone the object of worship. The natural, however beautiful or enchanting, is to be held in check by spiritual ideas, or it soon becomes rampant and disgusting.

The Transcendentalism of forty years ago was the same movement, modified by the difference of the centuries, which the Renaissance was in the fifteenth century. It was the protest of a cramped, oppressed, and slandered natural order of thought, feeling, and activity against the ex-

ternalism of the Christian Church, its unmeaning formalism on the one hand, or its doctrinal statements that had become such dead formulas as to be rather statements of falsehood than truth. Every phase of Unitarianism and its higher Transcendental forms was a legitimate and purifying process. It was only when it began to usurp the place of that which, poor as it was, did in some dim way represent the spiritual and supernatural order, and assert itself to be spiritual, that its destructive character revealed itself. So the Renaissance was a protest of an utterly overlaid human nature, a demand for freedom, rationality, and opportunities of development: for the natural life, with its hopes, desires, and longings, has as much right to be, as have spiritual longings — only it must not seek to be the master, and call itself by names of supremacy and authority which do not belong to it. First that which is natural, afterward that which is spiritual. Both are right in their place, but they must not be confounded.

All false statements in the universe come from the confounding of planes. We must learn more and more to divide and discriminate, and call things by their right names.

Greek art did justice to the beauty and perfectness in its way of the human body. Its ideal was idealized humanity.

The gods were no more spiritual than their worshipers — only handsomer, more powerful, more irresistible. To be like the gods was to be more free from restraint and control in all directions — bigger and mightier men.

When Christianity came, it created nothing that had not existed from the beginning. It merely brought down to the plane of the senses the great fact of two opposite orders of life and thought, and the necessity of the subjection of the lower to the higher as the law of the true development of humanity. The ideal of Christianity was not the flaunting of the natural as if it were divine, but its subjection and orderly obedience to ideas and purposes that represented another and quite different ideal of truth. In 'Fra. Lippo Lippi,' the boy was right and the monks were right. They were both holding on to their side of the truth.

I consider that the pure and helpful side of Transcendentalism culminated in Mr. Emerson, and that its expression now is the expression of spiritual falsehood, whether it appear in churches, in art, in literature, or whatever.

All the joys of childhood and youth, all innocent song and jollity, love, friendship, and poetry, study of literature, art and science, are beautiful and legitimate in their place and time; but they do not exhaust or even suggest the

whole possibility of man's nature, because it is not the way man was made. He was made to represent two sides ; therefore he is never in this imperfect and undeveloped sphere in balance. Balance belongs to the spiritual order only. Man is always, like children playing on a tilting-board, one side up and one side down. This first, initial world is a world of suggestions only. We come to nothing here.

We are being trained to right perceptions. We live among spelling and picture, and picture books. The wisest and best of men and women are like children studying their early lessons, — some more or less advanced, and some text-books better than others.

The religions of the world are the great educators of the race ; but religions are either true or false according as their central idea corresponds with and represents spiritual truth or falsehood. The Christian religion, with all the crudeness, narrowness, and stupidity of its adherents, is nevertheless true, because it represents under supernatural forms the great spiritual idea of the sacrifice of the principle of the natural for the purpose of becoming a manifestation of the divine ; the union through sacrifice of the lower to the higher ; the eternal marriage of the infinite and finite.

A young friend comes in and gives me a

picture of beautiful conditions and interesting natural life, of which a certain family among her intimates stand as type. The father, a man of distinguished intellectuality and great dignity of character ; the mother, a fair, charming embodiment of all womanly capabilities and devotion to domestic duties ; the home, a temple of art, not gaudy with fashion or display, but expressive in every recess of the most refined perceptions of the fit and beautiful ; the children, models of all normal perfectness of mind and body, with the physical and moral sweetness that result from the conditions of health and happiness. The ideal and aim of life in this favored home is to live day by day to the purest aspirations, and to educate and train these children in the way of goodness and usefulness. Then is the question asked, Is not such life desirable? Is it not beautiful and consonant to the designs of the divine Providence? Most assuredly so. Life is the highest art, is, or should be, the expression of the ideal in appropriate forms, and if man were made or constituted in a single, homogeneous form or substance (the very statement is absurd) it might be possible to conceive of the persistency of such like forms of human good. But the inexorable law of change and death is upon all these forms, however apparently worthy to en-

dure. Children develop, individualize, and part off from the parental influence. The parents grow old or die, and in dying are cut off from the material conditions which make so much of their joy.

Death is a separation. I do not believe in the projection of material conditions into the ethereal or supermundane world. I fully believe that the series and phenomena of ethereal development will correspond to the representation of it here in material forms; but the atmosphere being ethereal, not material, will necessitate a cessation of material relationships which make up so much of our life on this initial side; so that death, I believe, will always be a separation. We have hidden its austerities under the flowers of a transcendental philosophy, but the instinct of mankind will always prompt the standing beside the dead in awed silence or passionate weeping. Facts are facts. We cannot alter or annihilate any fact by disguising it under some spurious or fanciful name. The mother feels in the depth of her heart that with whatever of faith and prayer she may give her child over to the divine care, the enchantment of the material, the witchery of the mortal roses and lilies, has passed from her lips and arms forever. Death, under all pagan forms of civilization, was the most terrible of facts,

because it meant just this, the shutting out from beautiful material conditions. When Christianity descended among men in a form comprehensible to the heart and imagination, it came as the *Consolator*. It did not promise to restore the past, but opened vistas of glory and satisfaction out of the depth of the divine riches.

Atheism and Pantheism.

Atheism and Pantheism are both words from the Greek. Atheism is from *theos*, God, and a particle denoting negation. It denies the existence of any intelligent will or power in creation. It asserts that the universe is a development or evolution of material forces, working according to certain methods, without any purpose or final cause. It denies the possibility or actuality of any presiding, intelligent Creator. The pantheist, from two Greek words meaning God and the All,—*Theos* and *Pan*,—asserts that the universe itself, in whole and in parts, is a manifestation and modification of the creative power, that which has no existence as a personal being, but only exists through the life of man and nature.

There are various forms and modifications of atheism and pantheism, according to the mental and moral status of the individual holding these views; but the simple definition is

always correct, that atheism denies any God whatever, and pantheism sinks his existence and personality in the All of nature, conceiving with Fichte that He comes to his highest consciousness in man.

I have been through a great deal of metaphysical thought and read largely in that direction, and both these views of creation are as abhorrent to my reason as they are to my highest sentiments and aspirations. I believe in a revealed God, revealed through the teachings of the highest religious geniuses of the race, and revealed to the reason and conscience of the highest developed souls. I believe in an absolute being, infinite in wisdom, who is not part nor parcel of the universe nor of the consciousness of man, but who constantly creates and governs the world, and is educating the human race for higher intelligence and infinitely higher and more varied work in spheres superior to this we call earth, where we do but get our initiatory footing into life. We are bound to make the most of this material sphere we call earth, knowing we shall pass as individuals into higher opportunities of intelligence and action. Let no one shake you in this pure and enlightened faith. I say enlightened, and I know what I say. You will learn after the profoundest study that the

most enlightened reason is in accord with the humblest worshiper in a Christian church in the belief in an infinite being who creates and rules the world.

Early Christian Art and the Renaissance.

The period of time called the Middle Ages, which I suppose may be counted from the ninth to the fifteenth centuries A. D., is almost universally spoken of by modern writers with contempt. I neither understand nor sympathize with this feeling.

This period of seven or eight hundred years seems to me especially rich in the incubation of religious sentiments and dogmas that represent spiritual ideas; and Christian art, as distinguished from the art of the Renaissance, leads me into deep secrets of the soul's experience that can find no expression in the greater pictorial beauty of the Roman school.

In the earliest Christian centuries, the divine man, upon faith in whom was founded the church of St. Peter's at Rome, was represented in rude drawing in crypt and catacomb as the good shepherd, mild and loving, gathering his followers into the sheepfold of the church, and carrying the lambs in his bosom. By the fifth or sixth centuries, the widespread misery and confusion of society,

and the development in the human consciousness (stimulated into deeper life by suffering) of a sense of sin or separation from the divine love, caused the figure of the gentle Christ to recede into the distance, and the good shepherd became transformed in the imagination of men into an austere judge, and we begin to find pictures of wrath and retribution. It is a phase of the human consciousness.

But the human heart torn with anguish cannot bear this. It must have for consolation and hope the human side of deity as a mediator between it and the eternal, incomprehensible Father.

Thence, as the true idea of the Christ was lost in the picture of an Avenger, there grew up by an irresistible necessity the worship of the Virgin Mother. This worship was always considered by stronger minds, particularly by St. Bernard in the eleventh century, as a heresy in the church. It was so, but to my mind it was one of those necessary and beneficent heresies that supply the place for the time of an absent truth. The conception of the Christ had become falsified in the minds of men. He was no longer the redeemer into purity and peace, the mediator between the majesty of the infinite and the childishness of humanity, but a wrathful judge of human weak-

ness. Men had lost sight of the human side of the deity, and they must have it under some form or dogma to save the race from despair. This I consider to be the *rationale* or logical reason of the heresy of the Virgin in the Catholic church, and her early appearance in Christian art.

All the way through, she represents phases of the religious consciousness of the soul. Very early the Virgin appears, evidently as the *soul itself*, with the Christ-child on her knees, presenting him to the church or united Christendom. The Christ appears at this time always as an infant, because the Christian consciousness always begins in an infantile, tender, weak state, and needs the nurture of the Christ-beam (Christopher), who always stands for the Christian church or its guardian saint. Then, again, we see the Mary on her knees before the infant Christ, who represents the eternal spiritual truth which the soul must worship as "Sent of God." I have also seen pictures which showed the Christ on the heart of Mary, which surely represents the Christ or spiritual truth as having become the internal life of the soul.

These old artists never represent the Virgin as a beautiful young mother with a lovely child in her arms. This came later, and was merely the deification of natural maternity, and, how-

ever lovely to look at, has no spiritual significance whatever.

These Christian Madonnas are mature, mostly care-worn and care-burdened, as the soul must be before spiritual truth is incarnated in its depths by the power of the divine spirit. This is one of the mysterious phases of the soul's life that the Middle Ages has bequeathed to us in sensible images. Then, again, from the tenth to the fifteenth century we have the struggle for supremacy in authority of the church and state as representing the temporal and spiritual powers, most prominently carried on by Hildebrand (Gregory the Seventh) and Henry Second, Emperor of Germany. Gregory the Seventh, who was, as I think, a very great man, withstood the assumption of the emperor, and from his time, for two or three centuries, the spiritual power organized in the papacy was very despotic in Europe until it was shaken to its foundations in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries by the assertions of individual and national freedom, which is the other side in the twofold development of the human race. The balance is never even. The fight is never over. All history is a record of the ups and downs of the two principles.

When authority becomes oppressive, it must

be warred upon until the human being gets a full and free place for individual activity. When freedom of thought and action runs into license, and the soul is on the verge of destruction from the absence of any conservative element, then must authority be reinstated in church and state, to represent to the senses that freedom alone is ruin, and that there is always a truth and right to which the soul is bound in unconditional allegiance over and above its own inclination and attractions.

Leonardo da Vinci.

Leonardo da Vinci belonged to the age of the Renaissance. He is considered a Christian artist because he painted subjects furnished by the church or the legendary lore of Christendom. But he was immensely affected by the opening out of the early Greek mythologies and the early Greek art that burst upon the world in the fifteenth century, through the fall of Constantinople into the hands of the Turks, the dispersion of Greek scholars over Europe, and the founding of schools of Greek literature and art in the Italian cities, principally Florence, under the Medicean princes. Christian art began almost immediately to lose its purely symbolic character as the suggestion of the spiritual through natural forms, in which the form

was utterly subjected to the idea. The beauty of form in itself came to be asserted,— the right of the natural to be, of and for itself. It was the protest of nature. The spiritual and natural are not at one or in harmony in this initial stage of existence. They are opposite elements in our life, and when one gets too much the upper hand, it has to be limited by the protest and assertion of the other, because both are necessary to our unfolding. The spiritual perception and the natural form are equally necessary; both have their rights.

The time when the representation of devotion, adoration, self-sacrifice, in lines that expressed no human beauty, and did not look like anything human, had done its work, the right to represent the beauty of the natural, in forms such as the old Greeks saw and copied, asserted itself and made the school of the Renaissance. Da Vinci's Last Supper was a remarkable instance of this. Hitherto the Last Supper had been represented as a purely supernatural symbol. The heads had no human individuality. They were all alike, with a halo around each. They were simply souls. Da Vinci draws human beings around the table, faces full of the human emotions of hope, fear, love, expectation, curiosity. We get the human side of things. We feel a certain actuality

in it. It comes home to the human heart, but its distinctively supernatural character is lost.

It is precisely the same thing, under different form, which took place in the world of religious thought and belief when the Unitarians parted off from the Trinitarians in the church. The Unitarian movement was a protest of the human heart against the doctrine of total depravity, which was the favorite doctrine of puritanic Calvinism. Unitarianism asserted the rights of human nature, as artists of the Renaissance asserted the rights of the human form; but in so doing, both went to extremes and lost sight of certain supernatural significance in the old method. All periods of coming back to nature, whether in art or religion, are very like to be accompanied with the revival of the inductive method of reasoning, in opposition to the deductive.

Art.

There is but one goal for the aspirations and longings of the human soul, and all our studies, whether in philosophy, history, art, or religion, conspire to this one end, that is, that the soul shall know the truth, and be developed and matured thereby. Truth is, as I have repeatedly said, the statement to the intellect of objective facts, and spiritual truth is the statement to the soul of spiritual facts, in language which

it can best understand, whether that language be philosophic statements or pictorial images. A work of art which did not portray truth on the plane which it purported to represent, I should say was no work of art at all. A landscape must be true to nature, even when the artist paints ideal scenes. The ideal is the true, the real, the spiritual, intellectually (not spiritually) discerned.

Beauty is the union of truth and good,—that is, of the principle (the underlying reason) and the manifestation. There can be no beauty when truth, either on the natural or spiritual plane, is absent. Truth is the vital, creative principle. When the manifestation outruns the principle the forms degenerate, and we have that kind of beautiful which is false art and false life, and leads to artistic and moral death. The Greeks were perfect artists; they were so organized within and without. Their gods were idealized men and women. They had an intuition that the human is the highest of forms. They could make the human grander, larger, nobler, nearer perfection, than the actual (which is always more or less blurred), but their instinctive genius and perfect taste kept them from ever vitiating the natural form by altering its fundamental proportions, as the Assyrian and Egyptian nations did in their monstrosities of

three-headed and four or more-handed divinities. Such symbolism is indeed as inconsistent with beauty as it is with vital truth. From this false symbolism the Hebrews were wonderfully guarded. "Thou shalt make no likeness of me" was the prohibition, because the infinite could not be at that time represented in any finite form without degrading and falsifying the idea. In the symbolism of Christian art the human form, when it represents the divine, is never travestied or made monstrous in any way ; only the expression of mere human beauty is so lost sight of in the conception of somewhat higher, that the human form suffers from depletion, as it were, but never from exaggeration or caricature.

Great as the Greeks were, they had no spiritual conception, and could not have it, as it was not revealed to the human soul in their day. The world is infinitely richer since there has come into the human consciousness the conception of a redeemed humanity (through the story of the Christ), which differs from the idealized humanity of the Greeks, as it recognizes the infusion of a life-principle from a divine sphere, subjecting the human and recreating it out of natural into spiritual beauty. Thus it is that Christian art prior to the Renaissance has a tenderer, deeper significance than the perfected

forms of Greek art because the underlying idea is infinitely more sublime, however imperfectly it may be expressed. . . .

Representation.

This is a world of show or representation, not substance, and the religions of the world educate men into the belief of this. It is only philosophy (which differs from religion in explaining the causes or the why of things) which educates the more advanced minds to see the why and wherefore, the meaning and significance, of religious rites and dogmas and doctrines. Probably the majority of persons live in the senses, and this may not be a *sensual* life (which is another thing), but a life of keen appreciation and enjoyment of all that this material life has to give; and a vast deal of the beautiful this world has to offer. With keen senses and perfect health, the sailor, the traveler, the artist, may revel in all the multitudinous sights and sounds of this beautiful earth, and it is a good and legitimate joy. I would not underrate if I could the grandeur of skies or the magic of falling waters. But no soul can live in these appearances. There is no will nor choice in it. The sailor, the traveler, the artist, is compelled by his nature, more or less according to his development, to put into the

starry heavens and the rolling seas the majesty, the sublimity, the marvelous melancholy, which come entirely from within, and constitute his own soul's contribution to the picture. It is he, and not the stars or sea, that burns and longs and sparkles. Thus even in the sensuous life, if it be only pure and simple, there are almost unlimited sources of enjoyment,—almost, but not perennial, because man is not made so, because the human constitution is not simple, but complex. If man were merely emotional and affectional, he might possibly get his fill of enjoyment in this atmosphere with pure senses and uninvaded health. But he is not made so. That is the crucial fact. There is a world within of religious, moral, and æsthetic sentiments. He pines for the unseen, he longs for union and communion with the eternal and invisible. He must know that somewhere or somehow God is, and cares for man. Thence the religions of the world. Thence the highest religion, as being the expression of the best and most developed of the human race, that which most perfectly represents eternal truth, namely, the Christian religion.

Multitudes outside of Christendom are educated according to their capacities and needs by their racial religions, and in Christendom multitudes are kept in purity of life and sanity

of mind by the observances and doctrines of the Christian religion. The vital value of these observances and doctrines is that they represent in a symbolic way spiritual or universal truth, and therefore are vitally important to the education of men and women, and are absolutely necessary in the development, preservation, and stimulating of the interior life. The majority of Christian men and women demand nothing more. To externalists of whatever phase or degree, these observances and beliefs are the best culture they can have. There are some who are born with a tendency to grow into a deeper self-consciousness and a more exhaustive rationality, and they cannot help saying, What does all this mean? Why does the Christian world pour into churches, and pray and preach and sing anthems? And it is in vain to try to stop this why and wherefore. If we do we drive it into skepticism and agnosticism. I have come to see, in all this Christian expression, movement in the right direction. It is the education of the multitude through pictorial and intellectual representation and symbolism of universal, spiritual realities or absolute truth. To know the why and wherefore is philosophy, not religion. Religion is the training of the emotions, sentiments, and understanding, and the adjustment of the habits and observances

of life to one's highest conception of truth and good, however this truth and good may be incarnated to the imagination and faith of the worshiper. Thus the Buddhist and Mahometan may be religious though not Christian.

As I have said before, the Christian religion takes its unquestionable superiority and sublimity from the fact that what it stands for is truth, the fact of things, and not falsehood. We see this when we come to look upon it philosophically, or with an insight into the eternal reasons upon which it rests.

I think self-abnegation and self-denial are taught in the Christian Church, because, like all the rest of its teachings, it represents a spiritual condition which is only attained in this atmosphere by aspiration and conception. Christians are not spiritual any more than the rest of the world. They are religious. They believe in and worship that which represents the spiritual, and the most advanced come into spiritual conceptions, not spiritual realities. Self-abnegation and self-sacrifice belong to Christian discipline, as they do to the discipline of all religions, but they are not especially Christian doctrines. We must do the highest we know always, whatever sacrifice of feeling or personal good it may involve. So did the oldest pagan hero. So does the sincere Buddhist. This is all reli-

gious and moral culture, and of great benefit when regulated and controlled by the clear light of reason. Sacrifice of any kind, unguided and unenlightened by reason, is the very essence of fanaticism. This is why it is always dangerous for persons who are led and governed by feeling, instead of reason, to go outside of the express direction of Christian ordinances. They run into fanatical actions, and are not fit guides to themselves. There are fanatics in all religions ; the Christian religion has abounded with them ; it is the religious sentiment running wild.

No sentiment or affection is to be trusted unguided and unguarded by the understanding and the reason. Therefore it is that common sense is so often a safeguard to persons who are not capable of a more inner perception. Common sense, which is the average intuitions of the human mind, is a good and faithful servant, though plain and common of aspect. He is worthy of respect, and keeps the mass of mankind in due order. We must do faithfully, according to our best abilities, the work of the day, of whatever kind, following out our noblest aspirations, as long as these aspirations themselves are under the control and guidance of the highest reason, or the most rational conceptions made known to us through our own intuitions, or those of wiser or more matured minds.

The aspirations themselves are all feelings. They are impulses or desires born of conceptions or images of the true or beautiful or good. No feeling is safe as a guide. It is a spur, an incentive, the very spring and push of life. It is life, and not death. But it needs light and direction. This the Christian communion furnishes to myriads.

The point of danger is always when the soul begins to go alone—to pick out its own path. I must repeat, feeling, however lofty, is never a safe guide. It must be controlled by the best judgment of what is most fitting and consonant to the highest welfare.

I use the words “natural” and “spiritual” in a different sense from their ordinary use. I call everything natural, every phase of thought or feeling or action that belongs to the constitution of man in his creation and development, over whatever spaces of this world or others that development may occupy. There is a natural order and there is a spiritual order in the universe. Every possible creation, including man in his whole constitution, is at first natural, that is, governed and supported by opposite principles of life of which he is unconscious, and between which he has only a phenomenal and educative choice. Thus, natural life is a collision, a struggle, an effort, an

unrest, guided and governed by a divine Providence, but not at one in or with itself. It is a process of growth, of development, of becoming. And such process throughout nature is always a ferment, a bubbling, an interchanging, a striving, and so must continue (time is nothing) until its opposite and opposing elements are brought into equilibrium or balance. All nature, in whole and in detail, is an illustration of this. This is a natural condition, and is perfectly innocent and legitimate, and in the order of divine Providence. It is not to be blamed or despised. It is simply the method of creation that the natural order must always precede the spiritual, the time of fruition and completeness.

I consider religion, whether emotional, sentimental, or practical, to be, strictly speaking, natural to man. It constitutes his highest natural condition. I honor all religious persons. The more devoted, sincere, internal they are, the more I honor them ; but I do not call them spiritual, neither in condition nor conception. They are religious, ethereal, ideal, but not spiritual, because this latter term stands for a universal or completed condition.

This world, this initial state of existence, is not to be despised. Indeed, it is a grand footstool for ascent. We get here the foundation

of our knowledge both in human and divine things. We shall always be human, and I do not believe there is any real knowledge of man or nature but has its service and use for man. We must do the duty of the day serenely, trustfully, looking forward into endless vistas. The ideal is within and about us,—the ideal in art, literature, and life. These voices call us upward and onward.

Symbolism.

Symbolism lies at the foundation of all mythology, indeed of every form of religion. All religions have their mythology, because there are certain spiritual or universal truths that can be conveyed to the mind only through the medium of myths or narrative form.

These myths are forms merely. When they convey spiritual truth they are true in the highest sense, not necessarily true to the external understanding, but true to the imagination and the sentiments. All creation is a picture-book or representation of what would not be apprehended through mere rational statements. This is what I mean when I say that every fact in nature, even every form and mode in and of animal life, is symbolic, or represents a fact more internal and universal than itself.

In all religions, in every form of speculative

thought, the serpent especially, of all animal forms, has always represented and expressed the principle of selfishness, self-worship, or the most internal principle of self-love, separated from its controlling partner, universal love. There are two kinds of love in our moral constitution, as there are two kinds or two sides to everything in the universe. Self-love, or the instinct to appropriate whatever is outside of us to our own use and benefit, is the very essence of our nature. Strictly speaking, it is not evil: it is natural. From the time the infant first takes food, all life is an imbibing and appropriation of somewhat outside of us to our own physical, mental, and moral growth. The evil begins when this appropriation is made, not from a love and worship of good and truth in themselves, but as ministering to our own personal greed of vanity or ambition, or to base and unworthy aims.

If I love what is good and true, my appropriation of them, in every form of thought or word or life possible to me, is not evil. This constitutes my moral growth. If I use my appropriations of knowledge to purely personal, greedy, or base ends, they become in me moral evil, and stultify and deform the soul, instead of developing it. As illustration, we may say that to eat food as a child eats, from a

simple and unconscious pleasure in juiciness and sweetness, is natural and helpful to the building up of the body; but when the natural instinct is transgressed, and eating becomes a thing in itself, as to the epicure and high-liver, then the results are disease, physical degradation, and death. The moral side of all religions is directed to the control of self-love, or the instinct of self-appropriation, by the awakening of the affections in the love of others, or the awakening of the religious sentiments in the love and worship of divine attributes in some divine personality. The purpose and office of religion and morality are to keep the rampant self-love in its place as subject, not master. Now, of all animal forms, that which seems the most involved, the most sheathed, the most earth-clinging, is the serpentine. Some one has remarked that it puts forth no limbs nor wings: it creeps. I do not wonder that the fancy and the imagination have always seized upon it as the emblem of selfism, individualism, self-love in its most undiluted expression. In religions, it is the worship of the material principle in nature, as opposed to the spiritual, or what represents the spiritual. For instance, the earth-worship, or worship of the python, in early Greece, was overthrown by the religion of Apollo, which was the purest

and sublimest religion of ancient Greece. You know the myth of Apollo slaying the python, — one of the grandest of the old myths. In the Hebrew myth, the story of the fall (so called) in our Bible, I consider the profoundest truth concerning the mental and moral constitution of man, and their necessary development is conveyed in forms that are eternally true to the imagination. Man and woman are necessary to each other. They are the complements of one another. Together, they make society and perfect the civilization of the world. Apart, they run into savagery or weakness. Metaphysically considered, truth and good are one, the masculine and feminine sides of life united. Truth, separated from good, is impractical, severe, unfitted for "human nature's daily food." Good, separated from truth, is unenlightened, running into all manner of weakness and illusions. It is fatal when Adam and Eve separate and undertake to carry on the world's work alone. Adam needs the practicality and adaptability of Eve, and Eve needs the universality and intellectuality of Adam. Satan, which is the name the imagination of men has given to the principle of evil, means separation. It is the separation or divorce of good from truth. The serpent sometimes represents also the acuteness of the natural understanding,

never, I think, the divine wisdom. We must recollect that the finite principle, of which I consider self-love or selfism the representative on the natural plane, is evil only when in rebellion to the infinite. It is as essential in creation as in the infinite itself. It is only when it sets itself up in opposition to the infinite that it is Satan. All natural knowledge and qualities are good in their place. The cultivation of the natural understanding is right. Practical good sense is a virtue. Courtesy, discretion, prudence, are not spiritual qualities, but they are natural virtues and have their place. We can be perfectly high-toned and true without offending or unnecessarily irritating others. This is a sort of natural wisdom. I do not know why the serpent has ever been used to express it. I suppose the ring it makes with its tail in its mouth suggests eternity, which we always conceive as a circle, never as a line merely. But in all religious symbolism I recognize it as a wonderful emblem of selfism, individualism, egotism, materialism, or all merely natural forms of being, thinking, and doing, in opposition to the controlling and sovereign principles of spiritual truth.

The Cross.

The symbol of the cross is of perennial wonder and interest. Symbolism is the language in which divine verities are conveyed to the apprehension of the human mind. It is, we may say, a great picture-writing addressed to the mind's eye or imagination, and through that stimulating the affection and sentiments. The religions of the world are all symbolic. It is through their religions that men and races are brought into contact with invisible realities. Philosophical statements can only reach minds that are philosophically developed, and as yet there has been no philosophical statement *given to the world* which covers the whole religious ground. Religions are not philosophies, though they can be shown to have a philosophic basis. Religions are addressed to what is most universal in man; that is, his moral and religious nature and his imagination. The imagination is the great incarnating power of the intellect. It puts into shape, or into the form of some material image, an idea that could not be otherwise expressed. The memory and affections take hold of the idea so expressed in its corresponding material type, and treasure it up, until, through the growth of the mind, the spiritual significance is discerned.

All creation, material, supernatural, and spiritual, is the product of the union of two eternal elements, combined and manifested by infinite power and wisdom. These elements we call by different names, according to the planes of thought from which we contemplate them. We may speak of the infinite and finite principles, or of the spiritual or natural, according as we speak more or less internally or externally. They all rest upon the great law of creation, which is the union of opposites through sacrifice; the lower or more external principle being subjected to the higher or more internal, as being the manifesting principle. There must always be present in any phenomena a creative or manifesting principle, and a productive principle, or that through which the former is manifested. In every thought we think, there is the sensation from some outward object or fact, and the internal perception of the sensation; these united produce the conception or thought, which is a thing in the mind, etymologically having the same root-sounds. The conception of union through sacrifice is the religious phase of the profound philosophic idea of the product of all thought and fact by the subjection of the lower to the higher,—the use made of the finite by the infinite, or of the natural by the spiritual. The cross, or the union

in one diagram of two opposite lines, has always been spontaneously used to express or represent the union of opposites. It is the symbol spontaneously furnished by the imagination to the religious sentiment. I should expect to find it wherever there was any genuine religious expression. It represents the method of creation,—the use or subjection of the more external principle to the more internal or creative, for the purposes of manifestation. Creation could not be expressed or represented by the material symbol of a continuous line. It must always be a line crossed by another. There is no possible product otherwise than from the union of two elements. The cross is a material symbol representing the universal fact of creation. It has been particularly appropriated to express the passage into the spiritual, because that is the ultimate and goal of the natural; and the use and purpose of the religions of the world is to suggest to the mind the fact of this ultimate destiny, and to train and educate the human being for it. The cross is as essential an idea in the creation of the natural world as of the spiritual. Every spiritual fact is first a natural fact. The symbol is made more prominent in religious rites and dogmas, and preëminently in the Christian religion, because, in the development of human-

ity, man becomes more self-conscious ; and in the religious experience the outward symbol of the cross becomes an internal fact of the consciousness, — an internal symbol, purporting that the union with the divine principle of life can only be obtained through the sacrifice of the life principle of the finite, which is selfism, and the surrender of itself as manifestation of the divine purpose.

Greek Myths.

The Greek myths are poems, and so furnish material to be woven into other poems, whether in music or verse. Their immortality is owing to the fact that they are true poems, that is, products of the imagination and the legitimate fancy, and so embody, or represent universal experiences. The story of Orpheus and Eurydice is of this kind. I think Orpheus is an historical person, probably the organizer of the religious and social instincts and intuitions of the early Greeks, doing a similar work to that which Moses did for the early Hebrews. That he was a person of religious insight may be inferred from the account that he interpreted the mysteries, that is, gave the esoteric meaning to what the people already believed. His music and poetry show him to have been of a highly artistic nature, a

typical Greek, and the stories of what he was able to effect by his music and poetry do not exceed what we often feel, as if all nature were fluid and pliant to the inspirations of genius.

The story of Eurydice gives a lovely picture of the sweetness and purity of the marriage tie in the earliest ages of the Caucasian or Aryan races. An imaginative story or myth may be interpreted by each one according to what it represents to that one's imagination, or expresses of his or her experience. The higher the myth, the more will the interpretation be one and the same, because the profounder the experience, or the deeper the insight, the more universal it is. What belongs to our common humanity is greater, that is, more representative of the spiritual, than what is individual to us. To me, the having brought Eurydice back and up from the land of shadows and darkness into the light of day, is the recovery of her in a more real and glorified personality; but when, not satisfied with this, Orpheus looks back, to count his steps as it were, to analyze the ways and means by which he has come into this glorious possession, the radiant vision vanishes. This is my own original interpretation. I impose it on no one. I have felt myself the peril of looking back, of being assured by the senses of that which can only come through the higher intuitions.

Human Constitution.

Infinite life is the creative power in God, and finite life is that coexistent principle out of which and from which he has created the universe and all its contents. I do not believe in one divine life flowing down from the eternal through all his creations, and of which his creations are only modifications. This is the philosophy of Buddhism, and has crept in, under various disguises, through modern Christian thought and phraseology. This subject is the most abstract possible, and it is difficult to state it in terms sufficiently simple. The finite mind cannot comprehend life in its origin. I do not apprehend the infinite Creator as infinite life or infinite spirit. He is an absolute Being, in whose complex nature infinite life or spirit is the creative power, or, in religious phraseology, the first person in the God-head. Man also is a complex being. He is not merely reason or sentiment or sense. He is all these combined and individualized through a personal principle or will. I do not think of man, the human being, as a spirit, or a soul or a body, more or less, but as a composite creature, body, soul, and spirit, made one through the individualizing will, but who has just got foothold in existence, who is in a very unde-

veloped condition, and whose more or less development depends upon the more or less unfolding in his composite nature of the reason, which is the highest power in man, and the condition of which is always the consciousness of an internal personality by which he is a person, not a thing. Every normal human being has reason. It is that which differentiates man from the brute.

But very few in this life in the material sphere we call earth, come into the self-consciousness of reason. In very few is reason an active principle, and even of these few no one has come into the fullness of it which belongs to a more exalted sphere of existence. Because human beings are sensuous, affectional, intellectual, artistic, it does not follow that they are rational. People differ from birth in nothing so much as in the development of the reason. Therefore I do not believe human beings have as yet come into responsibility. There can be no responsibility, strictly speaking, without self-consciousness. We do not reproach any animal however it may simulate human vices. We do reproach men for the same acts because they are rational in germ and possibility; and these reproaches and exhortations are the substance of all religious training, and quicken into

life the living germ of rationality. But strictly and philosophically speaking, human beings act from their mental and moral affinities, and are not responsible because they do not as yet know what they do. We are obliged to use the same words in different senses, according to the plane of thought we are speaking from. To train children or men and women, we are obliged to address them as moral and accountable, because this is the way to make them so. It is the educating process, the external fire that quickens the dormant internal spark into flame. This is practical teaching, the preaching which is necessary for the whole world, of whatever clime or condition. But philosophically speaking, there is as yet no sin in the world, because there is as yet no spiritually conscious creature. There is vice, which is the violation of natural law in one's personal experience; there is crime, which is the violation of social natural laws: but of sin, which is the conscious separation of one's self from the divine order, there is no possibility, excepting a representative or pictorial one. You will now understand when I speak of the forms of good and evil that abound in humanity as representative forms of opposite spiritual principles. We look upon all human beings as in process of development. None of us have come into spirit-

ual reality, only approximately. The majority of persons have no spiritual consciousness whatever. They are conscious of desires, affections, wants, aspirations, but have not come into the light of reason, and so are not capable of self-guidance. They need to be trained by parents, teachers, churches, institutions, into habits of obedience to a wisdom higher than their own. Life must first of all be orderly, as you feel and say, before it can be beautiful. The passions and instincts must be subject to the sentiments, the sentiments subject to the teaching of the highest reason through instituted formulas, and the whole being brought into obedience to the highest law, however revealed. This is why you instinctively feel that obedience is the primal virtue of the individual and the race. This is what is meant by the story that the first sin was an act of disobedience.

The best lesson the children you deal with could learn is to obey a superior, not a master merely, though that is better than nothing, but to obey a superior in mind, morals, and manners, without question or hindrance, without hesitation or demur. It would be the first real step in education, intellectual or moral, the initiative into conscious life as distinguished from the mere instinctive.

Great spiritual ideas are revelations always.

The forms or statements into which they are put depend upon the intellectual status of the individual or the race. I do not believe they are evolved out of the progress of human society. I believe they are always revealed to certain great intuitive minds, and embodied in forms that can be apprehended by the imagination and sentiments of the people whom they teach and train into these truths.

The presentation of truth varies with the mental advance of the race. But the revelation does not. The form varies, but not the substance. We are not the religious and moral descendants of the ancient Phœnicians, nor of any pagan people. Our moral and religious ancestors were the Hebrews. The Hebrews, with all their narrowness, darkness, and confusion, were not pagans. They had a revelation of a spiritual God in so far as they could apprehend him through their great religious geniuses. The religion of the Hebrews never countenanced barbaric sacrifices. All their legends, like that of Abraham, emphasized the directly contrary. We have come down from the great Caucasian (or, as it is now put, the Aryan) stock, but our religion we have taken from the great Semitic race. I believe the revelation of a spiritual God was revealed with the very origin of man. Its forms have been

refined in the development of the sentiments and intellect. I know all this doctrine of evolution. I have read many works of its best advocates. While I do not doubt that much scientific truth is discovered through its acceptance, I believe that a vast deal is left out, and that before you are as old as I am now, there will be a reaction from the overwhelming and well-nigh irresistible materialism of modern thought.

Heredity.

The fact and law of heredity is indeed one of the most mysterious elements in our complex organization, and it is difficult to state it without overstating it. We are organized beings. To exist is to have the power of manifestation. To be manifested we must have an organism by which and through which we can be known. Our most external organism is our bodily senses and powers, which relates us to the material world that environs us, and is perfectly adapted to our physical constitution. There is a harmonious interaction between the perceptions and the objects that minister sensations. No less true is it that our deepest emotions and farthest-reaching thoughts must be expressed through a material organism, the workings of a ma-

terial brain ; and it is undoubtedly true that this material organization, this birth by blood, is transmitted from sire to son. But in every department of this complex being, man, there is a within and a without. The eye sees by the light of the sun and cannot see without it, but it is not the light of the sun that causes the eye to see. It is the union, or product of the union, of the external sensation and the internal perception, that produces the phenomenon of sight. Sight is not the light nor the seer, but the product of the union of the two.

So it is throughout our whole nature, from the most internal perception of material sights and sounds to the perception of absolute or spiritual truth. There must be two principles present always, — the phenomenon or the object presented to the intellect, and the intuition of that which it is. All through our consciousness, the object or phenomenon on one side, and the intuition or law on the other, makes perception possible. We inherit the shape, size, and power of our brains. We are related by blood to those who in the physical line have preceded and will succeed us. But we are constantly and inevitably related to internal spheres which correspond to the internal states of consciousness ; and from and through them come the intuitions, each in its sphere and in its de-

gree, which make thought, aspiration, worship, and knowledge possible. We act according to our mental, moral, and physical organization. The will or organized individuality only combines and controls these manifestations. It creates nothing. We are also created internally with affinities for certain forms of truth and good, and we aspire and grow according to them.

The forms of supernal life are multitudinous, and the affinities for this or that form or series of forms constitute the numberless individualities. The will acts in the direction of the strongest affinities; and the more these are allied to the pure and true, the more vital and beautiful is life.

The Supernatural.

If I should put on my hat and go to your house to-day to visit you, the act would be simply natural, individual, trivial, having no supernatural significance whatever.

A fact or act to be supernatural must in the first place be primal, universal, racial, and then, through religious inspiration embodied in religious usage, be separated from secular to special use, and so become the medium of expression, or the only language possible between the spiritual and natural orders of thought and

life. Eating and drinking are universal facts. Wherever there is life, from its highest to its lowest forms, it is supported by imbibing. Every form of existence eats and drinks in order to live. The eating and drinking go to constitute the environment, and the principle of life descends into it from an interior or superior plane. This is relatively supernatural to that of the environment. It is so because it represents a spiritual law. It is separated from its common or local use and becomes a sacrament or somewhat set apart, consecrated within the fane. This is the origin of all communions. The influx of life from a higher into a lower environment, thus making it possible for the lower to live at all, is the great central fact of the universe. Drummond recognizes it as the great natural law pervading the natural and spiritual worlds. I insist that it is supernatural on every plane, because it represents what is relatively spiritual; and to do away with the term is to cut out the most expressive word in the language, as in cutting away the fact we should make all revelation impossible.

The descent of life from the higher to the lower environment is received unconsciously by that which it enters, because there is no consciousness apart from life. The descending

life must bring its own consciousness. The vegetable world knows not how or why it is supported from the animal, nor the animal from the human, nor the human from the superhuman. The environment is furnished from below. The principle of life, with whatever more or less of consciousness it may bring, is from above, and the meeting of the two, the environment and the life, constitutes a new organization or individuality. When we come into the interior spheres of human individuality, this influx of life includes all the wide phases of religious consciousness.

There could be no experience without the condition and the influx. These two are absolutely necessary, and they are always supernatural, that is, representative of spiritual law, as method according to which the worlds were made. The religious consciousness never knows the method, only the fact. It is a religious mystery. On this material plane the supernatural influx of the Christ into the soul cannot be a matter of consciousness, but is received as represented by the religious life of Christendom. Our life is a life of faith.

Every attempt of the individual worshiper to pass into the spiritual life in this atmosphere results in individualism, self-exaltation, and fanaticism in its various forms, according

to natural temperament and organization. It is the evil one. "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

Now the great question comes, What is this Christ, the influx of whose life into the soul of man constitutes spiritual life? The Christ is the eternal, universal manifestation of the life of deity—the outermost of God,—the divine body, the minister of God, as our body manifests every thought of our interior nature, and we could have no manifestation without it, and could make no revelation of ourselves to another. By the Christ, which is his most external sphere, He made the worlds and makes himself known to man. But the worlds are material, ethereal, and spiritual, and it is never directly, but only in a supernatural, representative way, that the life of God in Christ can be brought down to the human consciousness and made the educator and developer of the soul. So this material universe is a sphere of representation merely,—a great phantasmagoria where we learn the forms of things but never touch reality, which glory is reserved for the final condition. The Christ is the all-pervading, all-manifesting life of deity, represented in a supernatural way through all the orders of creation, but manifested only to the prepared soul under spiritual conditions.

The Christ is the one great fact of the spiritual universe, — the manifested God, the face of the Father, the one central fact and doctrine of the Christian religion; the one word for Christianity, the only name by which man can ever be redeemed into immortal conditions; the mediator and only possible interpreter between God and man. His blood or life-principle is the life of the supernatural and spiritual worlds.

Every manifestation of God, every possible revelation of his attributes or designs, is made through a man or men. Hence there is a line of supernatural men, and He who consummated the law of life in his own experience, transferring it from outward material symbols into a human experience, is especially the manifestation of the nature of the Father and the revelation of his will. He was perfectly *man*, — that is, neither satanic nor angelic, not belonging to divine or infernal spheres, but constructed human, and passing a human experience in this material and most external sphere of the universe. All his experiences were natural and yet supernatural. I do not pretend to explain the phenomena of his birth, life, and death. I believe they were supernatural. I cannot explain the phenomena of my own life. I believe there are a series of supernatural

facts of which we are utterly unconscious, constantly infolding and pervading our life. None of our lives can be read literally. Just so far as we are *literal*, just so far are we clods of the valley. “The letter killeth.”

Growth.

By “quiet” I do not mean passivity. There is a passive or receptive element in the human soul, but that which fructifies the soul is life, movement, communication, the giving forth into thought and word and deed. Growth is constant activity, the transition or passing over from one plane of feeling, thought, or activity to another. All growth, to use the phraseology of the day, is a mode of motion. The one vice is indolence. The etymology of the word is, to be free from *dolor* or pain. But pain is better. All life is the product of the interaction of opposite elements.

All history is the story of conflict. I do not believe in peace upon what I call the natural plane, or the initiatory sphere of thought and life. All history is the record of war of tribe with tribe, nation with nation, or, more intellectually, of civilization with civilization, ideas with ideas, — the passing away with the oncoming, the past with the future. (See Cousin’s “Introduction to the History of Philosophy.”)

The present is always a battle-ground. Not to feel, not to protest and assert, is not to live. Better to grow gray and wan in thinking and living and acting than be soft and sleek in the mere surface-life of pleased sensibilities. This is what earth is and means. You are right in standing out for the present. This earth is in its way as good and necessary as any heaven. It is a great error, and one which my philosophy especially repudiates, to believe that any divine or ideal life is to be reached by setting aside or contemning the human and earthly. Whatever we may mean by "angel," no man should wish to be one by ceasing to be man. We could not be if we would. The inexorable law of creation forbids it. The door is bolted that way. Only in the perfection, the fullness of our human, can we join hands with the divine. I believe in the freest and fullest development. But we must first learn what this mysterious somewhat is, that in our consciousness we call our nature, and generalized we name humanity. How is its development to be accomplished? Now the study of humanity, in ourselves or in history or in contact with the world, constitutes moral thinkers. Our plan of study is not now in question. What we want to learn is the secret of this human nature, what it de-

mands, what it craves as its greatest good, or fears as its greatest evil. The full manifestation of all that is in the soul, that is, the desire of man to express himself in life untrammelled by any law but that of his own individuality, being in a word the law unto himself, has been expressed by moral and metaphysical schools in ancient times, and in latest of days by the various theories of freedom in extreme transcendental circles. Now these theories of unlimited freedom of development have been originated and advocated both in ancient and modern times by persons of exceptional purity and elevation ; and the reason why they inevitably and necessarily degenerate into vicious maxims is because the doctrine of free development is but one side of a truth, and taken by itself is a falsehood, and the offspring of falsehood are necessarily crime and misery. There is no more valuable experience than to see principles carried out to their ultimatum.

Well, then, if the doctrine of unlimited freedom of development as the highest good of man is falsehood, and would if not arrested lead to the dissolution of the soul and society, what is the truth? This, as I conceive it, that through every opening phase of humanity, on every plane of life, along with the

struggling upward and outward into free activity, must be present the conserving and controlling element, the principle of subjection, and under these two opposite forces humanity is held in safety and sanity, like the planets revolving around the sun. This has been always recognized under some form. In ancient times, the Stoics opposed and neutralized the Epicureans; and in ancient and modern times religion has taught the necessity of some restraining and subjecting power. In our modern thought it appears as religious and moral obligations; but philosophically considered, it is the conservative element in creation.

I have come to see in Christianity the statement of a profound philosophy, a statement of the ultimate harmony between the conflicting principles of development and subjection. In other words, Christianity is the statement to the reason, that is, a philosophic statement of the ultimate union of the human and divine, and the method of that union. This method is never the crushing out or destruction of the human, but its renewal and transfiguration. The Christian religion is not a philosophy; no religion is. All are addressed to and realized through the affections, sentiments, and imagination. It is as true as ever that man believes with his heart.

It is comparatively few who turn round and demand a reason for their belief. And yet this is the best, the noblest, and truest thing to do. The mind especially asks the meaning of things. It is the intuition of the intellect to ask, What does it mean?

Just now thinkers are more interested in studying external nature than their own souls. I feel sure that there will be a reaction from this. I believe in the revival of theology. By that I mean the science that treats of God and his relation to man. You will not doubt, I think, that I believe in the earth, that is, in that plane of thought and life on which man is working upward into the fullness of humanity, — through toil, through conflict, through thought, coming into the realization in his consciousness of the whole secret of life, namely, to know himself, and so to know the human race.

I believe in a revelation, more or less obscured, but growing clearer and clearer, of the fundamental fact in human nature, that is, the relation of humanity to its Creator, and that is the burden of all religions. The Christian religion, as I have said, represents this revelation in forms suitable to the needs and conditions of individual souls. The external organization of Christian churches is the

supply to what men in some of their phases demand. It is always right to oppose the false, to protect the weak, to face down the tendency in human nature to tyranny and lordship in church or state or private life. This is work to do, good work, and in so doing does one emancipate his own soul and help on the life of the race, for we are so bound up that good or evil to us is so to all. There is a solidarity of the race. I believe in the earth and in earth's work, and that nothing in creation surpasses it in importance and necessity ; but it is one side, and there is an upper and under side to the crystal globe of life. I believe also in heaven, that is, in the fruition of man's life in its union with the divine, or divine humanity, wherever or whenever in the ages that fruition may be. The practical service of this belief, this essential idea underlying Christianity, its value here and now, is that it alone keeps human life pure and true. It is the conserving principle arresting the precipitous rush into the seen and temporal, and, by setting a barrier upon the absorbing hunger of individualism, making human society possible. It is indeed a philosophic axiom that man individually and in society is saved, that is, preserved in the integrity of nature (integrity meaning wholeness) by hope.

Religion is the aspiration, the stretching upward to the ideal, the life crowning the actual. The Christian religion is the promise of the divine humanity, the Christ of God brought out upon the plane of the actual. As such I consider it represented in Jesus of Nazareth, and so made a tangible reality to the faith and hope of men.

I consider that Jesus of Nazareth has represented this ideal to the Christian world. I take this merely as fact. The disputed whole question of why and how the Christian church have taken him as their head does not touch the fact of history that such has been the case. The story of Jesus has arrested and fixed in time the conception of the divine humanity, and so has been of incalculable benefit to the world, which, untouched by abstractions, can only love and adore the divine in human form.

The Emotions and Sentiments.

I consider the emotional nature to be more superficial and external than the sentiments. These are departments of the mental constitution which seem to be separated not so much by doors as by waving and folding portières, so that we pass from one to the other by easy and almost imperceptible gradations. The most external mediums of knowledge of that which

is objective to our personality are undoubtedly the senses. The note the mind takes of the objects presented, is called sensible perception and reflection. These objects awaken our affectional nature, and produce what we call emotions, or movement out of, which are simply more internal sensations. We designate the sensations as hot, cold, soft, hard, bright, and dark; and we designate the emotions as joy, sorrow, hope, fear, love, hate, admiration, and contempt. Observe how all these states or conditions go in pairs or opposites, showing the dual nature of the human constitution. Interior to these emotions or internal movements are the sentiments, which, as their name imports, (the root-word being *mens* or *mentis*,) partake of an intellectual or rational character. Of the sentiments, the moral and religious are the highest, expressing themselves through a controlling sense of obligation or duty — that which is due or owing.

Spiritual or absolute truth, apprehended by the individual, is incarnated or embodied in that form of thought or feeling which is most characteristic of the individual at the time. The majority of people are self-conscious only to the extent of sensations and emotions which the influences of life and thought educate and deepen into sentiments. This is the reason

why religious teaching and observances are so refining. They open the nature from within, and bring into the light of consciousness the world of the sentiments, transforming the crude feelings or emotions of hope, fear, gladness or grief, which we share in a certain way, more or less, with the animal world, into the sentiments of hope, love, adoration, duty, awakened by recognition of supernatural forms of thought and obligation, into which no mere animal ever comes.

All religions are emotional or sentimental, according to the status of their adherents. The normal human being is neither one nor the other exclusively, but is designated as one or the other as the emotional or sentimental side predominates in his make-up. External people, if of a quick, lively nature, are generally very emotional, and such people give what I think you would call color to society. They are full of emotional life, and contrast pleasantly with more stolid temperaments. But deepening life and experience bring them into the region of reflection. Here thought comes in. Religion tones the emotions into sentiments or internal emotion, as emotions may be called internal sensation. The call of the true or Christian religion is always to think. "Think on these things," it says.

Now this semi-intellectual world of the sentiments is not the affections, the understanding, nor the reason. The affections or instincts are the underground of our whole nature, the motive power or ground-spring of human life. The understanding includes all the intellectual powers, or what we generally call mind, and the reason is the highest department of this. We know perfectly that the majority of men and women are neither intellectual nor rational. The intellect and reason are latent, present but *latent*. Now the intellectual world, or the processes of the understanding, do not induct us into the region of supersensuous ideas and conceptions. This apprehension of and attraction to supersensuous ideas and images belong to the vast interior, unexplained region of the sentiments, the sentiments of veneration, adoration, intuition, and obligation, to which religion is addressed. Religious people have right on their side when they say that religion does not come through the intellect, but through interior experiences.

In some persons the intellect or understanding predominates over the sentiments. Their minds are clear, incisive, logical. They demand to understand rather than feel. Such persons make up more or less the denomination of Unitarians. They set aside the ele-

ment of mystery. They are, as a general fact, educated, well-to-do, highly conscientious and moral, and condemn all feeling that does not issue in good conduct. The more emotional class of Christian sects take in the less cultivated, more impressionable classes. The great organized churches, the Catholic and Episcopal, take in the more conventional, less individual class of minds, those that delight in order, precedent, authority, and the stateliness and poetry of symbolic forms. Of course you will understand that this classification is ideal.

Actually the churches are a conglomeration of persons, opinions, and conditions. It is only the more earnest portions, the thinkers, always rare in any community, who choose their mode of worship and religious instruction. The majority go where their fathers went, and think no more about it. Every one is right to go where he or she finds the best nutriment to mind and heart. Every healthy human being has affections, emotions, sentiments, understanding and reason, more or less active. We speak of a person or institution or race according to its characteristic qualities, the quality which is uppermost at the time and colors all the rest. The presence of reason, or that mental power which perceives the inner cause or law of phenomena, is rare even in intellectual persons.

. . . Reason teaches us to wait, not to hurry or expect solutions of the insolvable. Do not try to solve the problems of life by too intense thinking. Wait, cultivate quiet, and the light will often come of itself,—frequently in some unexpected way. There is an intellectual humility which is as sweet in its way as moral humility. It consists in being willing to be kept in tutelage. The highest minds on this earth are in a state of development, and see things more or less partially. That is why persons seem lacking in breadth and depth. There is no universal person. That belongs to the spiritual era, which will never be in these material conditions. We have a great deal to learn, and there is a great joy in adding to our store little by little.

Was it not Lessing who said that if God held absolute truth as a gift in one hand, and in the other the powers and opportunities to obtain it, he would take the latter? so profound was his sense of the joy of degrees, the supreme satisfaction of growth. Every good in the universe is orderly and comes in the fullness of its time. . . . Besides the emotional, sentimental, and practical phases of religion, there is a phase in which the reason is the predominating element. This phase sees through all others, including them all, respecting them all, and as-

signing to each its due place and utility. It is a divine nectar which more than anything else quiets the soul. It is resting in the depths of infinite wisdom.

Holy Grail.

Lowell has written a beautiful poem upon "The Quest of the Holy Grail." It is an undying legend, because it symbolizes an eternal fact in the soul of humanity. The soul of man is always seeking the cup of divine life. It is turned out of its path by the constant temptations of the senses. It often loses all belief in the celestial treasure through the blinding influence of evil desires. But the longing and the search are persistent and immortal. As I have said before, the legend is of superlative beauty and profoundest significance, and every heart and mind will put upon it, or find in it, its own interpretation, according to the intensity of the aspiration or the depth of the experience. To me it has the same symbolism as the cup which the Christian Church uses in its communion service. Both signify the reception of the divine life as something inexpressibly more profound than eating of the bread, which is equivalent to hearing and obeying the truth. This is the reason why in the Catholic Church (the most representa-

tive church because the most universal in its symbolism) the cup is partaken of only by the priests, who stand for a deeper initiation into spiritual knowledge, and the wafer, or the body of Christ, is all that is received by the laity. Remember, when I write this, I am speaking of what things stand for in their meaning and principle. I am not referring to any practical working. The ideal is the true and rational meaning.

We know what close allies all the arts — painting, poetry, music, and certainly architecture — are to religion, because they seek to express universal or spiritual ideas in individual forms of line, tint, or melody. All religious rites, the preëminently Christian rites, — for instance, baptism and the Lord's supper (to speak only of these, though I consider the other sacraments as equally significant), — are really high art, as expressing universal ideas, or universal facts in the soul's history, in appropriate material forms. These forms are appropriate because there is a perfect correspondence between the use of water in baptism and the purifying influence of Christian teaching and supernatural influences from above; and the most sublime correspondence between eating the consecrated bread and drinking the consecrated wine, and the re-

ception into the soul of divine truth and life. Humanity has always been taught its profoundest truths through the imagination and the sentiments. Legends like the Holy Grail, have educated the soul through centuries. That men have not understood their significance mattered little. The profoundest knowledge does not come through the understanding.

Opposites.

When I speak of oppositeness between the divine and human, or the spiritual and natural, the fact involves no fault nor crime nor sin on the part of the human and natural, only that man must be created opposite to God in order to have any human individuality. His destiny is to be united to God, and there can be no union except through opposites ; and this union can only be brought about by the subjection of the lower to the higher through the sacrifice of love. You are created for a full, natural development ; first the natural, then the spiritual. You are called by your Maker to use all your powers of body, soul, and mind to the best and highest purpose that you at the time know. No inspiration is to be smothered, no talent cramped, no opportunity for larger life neglected, save under the restraining influence of a pervading and regnant sense of duty,

which is the united outcome and expression of the moral and religious sentiments. Trust God nobly, and worship Him faithfully, and He will not fail sooner or later to lead you up into fullness of life. We are here in our initial sphere. We are in a material body with material surroundings, but we are immersed in a supernatural sphere, which lies all about us as the air encircles the earth. Our life is fed from this higher sphere. Genius is inspiration through the imagination and reason from this interior sphere. Prophets and apostles are inspired through profoundest religious intuition into the knowledge of sublime, eternal facts respecting the relation of man and God, which they utter forth in a symbolism that ofttimes they themselves do not understand. But the source is the divine Creator, the maker and ruler of all. There can be no direct communication between God and man. The infinite One is revealed to the finite soul only through mediums or mediators. The one great revelation of the union of the divine and human was made in the birth, life, and death of the Lord Christ; a revelation of profoundest, universal, absolute ideas and facts through the medium of a great supernatural fact, patent to the apprehension of man. By the supernatural I mean every word or fact or event that intervenes between the

spiritual and natural, and is the only revelation of the former to the latter. For the natural mind cannot, from its very nature, discover spiritual truth. It can only receive it through the language of symbolism, and that not until divine inspirations throw light upon the symbolism. The reason why the modern scientific spirit rejects all spiritual ideas is because it rejects the supernatural order.

There are perceptions of the reason which, when we come into them, shed floods of light over all the phenomena of religions and life. There are primary facts that we must accept as we find them, or wait until we understand them, such as the distinction of races, as well as the distinction of individuals. One race is white and historic; another is black and inferior. So one man is a Homer or Dante, and another digs a ditch. We accept these primary facts. Mahometanism and Buddhism are suitable religions for the nations to which they belong. The Father of all takes care of all. Nobody can go to a Christian hell excepting a Christian.

Do not think of the divine nature as opposing the natural. It never does. The Father is forever drawing humanity to his Son. No man can come to Christ unless the Father draw him, is written. The most opposite things in

nature are drawn to each other through their very oppositeness. The opposite poles of a magnet attract. The same poles repel. The attraction between man and woman is the attraction of opposites. The passion of love is, when genuine, attraction of opposites made one by this supernatural medium. God is one, yet He is constituted as man is, who was created in his image in spirit, soul, and body, a trinity in unity. We approach Him through his body, or most external manifestation, which was represented on the plane of the senses in the man Christ Jesus. So it is true, taking it in its most universal sense, that we can only know God through Christ, the supernatural mediator between the divine and human. Try to form the most sublime, universal ideas regarding spiritual and divine things. Very good persons often narrow God down to man by their attempted definitions.

There is no distinction respecting the inspiration, spirit, and personality of God. He is one, indivisible,—a divine person, but revealed only through successive manifestations of himself. We never err more than when attributing to Him feelings and motives borrowed from the human natural consciousness. We can never think too largely, too grandly, too sublimely, of God. He teaches us through the medium of

great facts. We can understand no other spiritual language. The greatest fact in the universe is the revelation of the divine humanity, the union of opposites in the supernatural fact of Christ the Lord.

Education.

I think the acquisition of knowledge a very serious thing. If I thought of it only as an accomplishment, it would lose its interest for me, but I believe it enters as an element into character, and so probably forms the body of our spiritual life. In every one of us is going on a dual process, the development from within and the appropriation from without. We study to get materials for thought, and to think, that is, to look at our knowledge as a thing in the mind. To consider or sit down with it, to hold it as an object under the powers of our reflection and reason, is to bring it into the light of certain laws which are the intuitions of the reason, and by these laws we judge it and use it. For instance, here is a piece of Roman history, we will say the first four hundred years of Rome.

The narrative charms of itself. From childhood up, we like to hear a story. Accustom yourself to tell that story, simply as story, to some friend or child, or better, write it out, as straight and simple a story as you can. No matter if it

has been done a hundred times. No matter if you can take down the book and read it. Put away the book, and write or tell the story. Then ask who were the onlookers to that story? Who and what were the people that came and went, bought and sold, fought and were fought with, in this story, and what did each give and take of their best and their worst? Then seek out some prevailing quality of character and action that goes to make a national characteristic; write these things all out, and you will have materials for thought when you come to compare this people with another, and are trying to find out what valuable element they furnished to the common life of humanity; what marks they have left on time; what is their immortality as a nation; what result, in substance or in power, they worked out for the great life of humanity. One life explains another. What we are always seeking, is to get life explained. The child lives on spontaneously and unreflectingly. The hour has not come when life presents itself as a problem to be solved, a mystery to be explained.

History may be studied, as a story to be told, just as the child lives along and the day's occurrences happen to it, and it likes to be told what happens to another child, or man, or people, or nation. It is a series of happenings, and if

they awake agreeable sensations or emotions, then there is happiness in the life or the story. There comes an epoch in every life when the mind stops in the midst of this flow of things, and asks why and whereto this is, or what is the meaning of this life? Now we seek an answer that shall correspond to the depth or comprehensiveness of the question. The answer to any question which a people or nation has put concerning its life and destiny, is the religious belief of that time or people.

The early life of any great nation is like childhood and youth, in its unconsciousness, its spontaneity, its love of adventure, fighting, or hard play and hard work. The forms of its religious thought are the products of its emotions and imagination, more than of the understanding and reason. Hence the mythology of all religions, or the narrative and personified form into which was put its notions and beliefs, intuitive or traditional, of God and man, and the relation between the two. I conceive that the child in its early life shares in the unconsciousness of nature: that which makes it essentially human, its inner personality, is not yet developed. It is more or less at the mercy of impressions and influxes from the world of nature, and the tide of emotive and intelligent life that is setting in through it from the great ocean

of humanity, out of which it is newly individualized. It needs to be controlled and guided by a maturer intelligence and more developed personality. It is born into natural humanity, but is not yet grown up in it. In its humanity lies all its possibilities; it must explore the ocean upon which it is launched, must learn all that humanity knows, and experience or transmute into its individual life all that humanity has learned and suffered. The child's destiny is, first of all, to be man.

The beauty and charm of childhood is like the beauty of nature, only far more interesting, because man is made in the image of God, and is centralized by a personality which images the divine; only it is but a form — an image, not a transfusion. I conceive that humanity is, in a special sense, a creature of God, but not yet a son. I do not know what nature is, unless it is in some way an expression or imitation of humanity, or a creation of God with the personality left out. The unconsciousness, innocence, simplicity of the child, and even the childish virtues, belong to his non-development. It is true that he has just set out, just in a sense left the creating hand; that heaven lies about him; but the shutting down of the glory is the coming out into that for which he was made. He is more human the less he seems

divine. The angelic nature of the child is a seeming only. There is no reality in it. It is the foreshadowing, the presentiment, of a reality that is to come. He must leave that innocence, that Eden behind him,— learn all the heights and depths of humanity, grow into a perfected human being, oppose himself more and more to that which created him, and become an opposite to God. This is hidden from the soul until the full time comes. Man believes that through his intellectual, moral, and religious activities he is drawing nearer to the Father, becoming more and more the image of the divine ; and yet he is not deceived, for he is walking in the way he should go, taking the only route possible by which he can reach heaven at last : for the way is, to be man first of all, man potentially and actually, man in all the capabilities of knowledge and suffering, before he is in the condition or status to worship God. So that all our studies and efforts, our passivities and activities, bring us at last to the knowledge of ourselves, or humanity in our individual person.

Just so far as we are conscious personalities are we emancipated from external nature, are we at the head of the natural creation, and ready for the divine offer of redemption.

Law of Subjection.

We come into this world full of impulses and affections, without experience, because we must live before we accumulate the results of life; and without self-consciousness, because that comes from the interaction of life and thought. As we develop, come into conscious relations between our desires and surroundings, we find we are not free or isolated. There has been woven about us link upon link, and we find ourselves in relations with others, involved in duties and responsibilities more or less voluntary. Now we can turn round and assail fate (as we call it), and beat our brains out in spite on account of our surroundings, which is the act of madmen; or we can free ourselves from all that belongs to us, and rush out into the savagery of self-indulgence, and so lay up for ourselves future agonies of remorse; or we may take the only wise and rational course, which is to accept life as we find it, and, by bringing our highest powers to it, make it the best we can.

The law of the universe is subjection. All nature moves in obedience to laws that restrict and restrain; and the human mind and will work most strenuously and effectually when they work in harness. It is the mistake and

folly of youth to suppose that growth and happiness come in freedom from limitations. The man is free by using his limitations to noble purposes and aims. No man is free to do as he pleases. He is only free to do what is right and best in the circumstances. Through this assiduity, and application of his mind to emergencies, he gains mental and moral strength. I think the true cause of the conflict in the modern mind between Christianity and non-Christianity is misconceiving or ignoring that the great underlying principle of Christianity, its philosophic element, is the principle of obedience. Man must obey something or he ceases to be man, — which word signifies a creature who means or reasons. Until the child or the child-man can perceive and obey the law of life revealed to the reason, he must obey external rules. Thus the rules of religion and morality as embodied in the Christian Church are the external conscience of the race, until man comes into the perception of spiritual law in the reason. When he does so, he will see that the obligations of religion and morality, and the highest intuitions of the reason, coincide in enforcing upon man that the law of mental and moral growth, and the only way to peace, lies in the fact of self-renunciation. Nothing enchains us but the tyranny of a selfish will.

Our will is our individuality — is the organic unit of our whole being. When it is dominated by our desires and impulses which seek only their gratification, it becomes a slave ; and though apparently it has the liberty of a despot, it is all the time beating about in the narrow sphere of self-love, and feels the grating and pressure of the invincible limitations that shut self in. It is only as the will rises into the region of principles, and sacrifices its selfism on the altar of truth and duty which represent universal laws, that the soul of man comes into true freedom. Some inspired poets have described this change as “ being transported to a large place.”

We know that the senses are good subjects but terrible masters, and we call a man ruined who is under their feet. Now the emotions are only internal sensations, more refined, more subtle, but they are utterly blind and unintelligent masters. To be ruled by them is to be torn by whirlwinds. Subdued by reason and subjected to the wise ordering of a concentrated and disciplined will, they give all the softness and variety to life ; but like everything within us, their whole beauty and grace depend upon their subjection to something higher than themselves.

Materialism.

Yes, my dear friend, we must shut our eyes resolutely upon the swarm of material facts that bob their ugly heads up and down in the choicest domain of our thoughts. I am realizing as never before the reality of this temptation. In my best and clearest hours, I have accepted the sublime truths of Christianity as interpreted by "The Philosophy," and their working has deepened my consciousness, clarified my mind, and given elevation and scope to all the purest and most disinterested longings of my nature. These are as much facts as those horrible material facts that seem at times to swamp us. I will cling to what "The Philosophy" has given me; the *rationale* of all Christian doctrine and dogma in the constitution of the Godhead, — the *rationale* of revelation from and in the very creation of man. I believe man is a threefold being, a trinity, as is his Maker; and that as we now correspond in our whole material construction to the material sphere in which we dwell, so there is another sphere, internal and ethereal, to which we as fittingly and perfectly correspond internally, and upon which we shall open our eyes at the death of this body. That men miscall this other world spiritual, or that we, wearied

and worn with the fret and fever of the present, can often think of nothing so sweet or good as to sleep on and on, a baby's dreamless sleep, does not alter the fact of things. The one belongs to that blur and confusion of thought in which most persons dwell, and the second belongs to our over-strained hearts and spirits. I have myself been painfully impressed by the dying out, as it seemed to me, of the wish to live again. But I believe it is one of our myriad experiences. We are bound to know and understand all the phases of the soul's natural history. I have found a certain power in being able to say to persons in bereavement, not that I had always believed and trusted, but that I had also protested and accused the living God of hardness and injustice. So I believe it is not in vain that I can say to some world-weary and pain-weary hearts that I, too, have cared more to rest forever than to waken even to hallelujahs. And then, again, this experience is of service in freeing us from that petting of our own individuality which even fine persons have. It is a joy to me to believe that certain vanities and peculiarities, that cling to our identity here, will die out and be succeeded by a deepening consciousness of existence; a sense of particular recipiency of the wisdom of God as

we study hour by hour the method and meaning of his works, and become conscious co-workers with Him in the redemption and regeneration of the universe. We have so much to learn, and oh the joy and sweetness of learning it from no consideration of personal advantage! — to study the wisdom, beauty, and meaning of God's universe for its own sake because *He* made it! When Cardinal Newman speaks of music, even I have so fathomless a swell of uninterpreted suggestions, and intimations float in upon the deepest spheres of my being, that I feel faint with the thought of what it must be to the musically organized. And yet I shall be musically organized there. The defect is in the most external physical construction. Creation is an eternal poem set to the most adequate music. Stray bits of it come to the favored now. I have hardly dared to look too steadily into a star's eye, so ravishing away of the senses is even a gleam of beauty.

I do not care what God will do with me when I die. If He puts me into the lowest purgatory, even He cannot put me out of place. If He will only give me some of his great books to read, some of his profound secrets to solve, I will praise Him and exalt Him forever. But He will do more than this. He

will open within us the capabilities of love which have been hindered in expression. I do not mean the paltry, initial love which serves its turn here. But the joy of being enriched and enlarged in and by the act of giving one's self away is, I doubt not, one of the grand lines of the future.

There are two cups of knowledge and of speculation put before us. One sparkles to the brim with the light of hope, cheer, personal dignity, sublime vistas, and is proffered by the purest attainment and keenest mental and moral insight. The other is thrust upon us by all the materialistic science of the age. It is nauseous to the taste. If we drink of it, we do it with a wail of despair. I cast it down and let it shatter in the name of the Most High. Whether evolution be true or false, one thing is true,—that man is made in the image of God, triune; an image merely, natural, phenomenal, pictorial; and that he is made to be developed in this natural form until he becomes a full-grown natural creature. He must be first natural before he is a candidate for the spiritual. To call a (supposed) half-bestial creature natural, as Mr. Fiske does, is an utter misnomer. He tries to drag in the ministry of Christ, making him a mediator between the bestial and human, which is simply horrible, as the mediator must be bestial himself.

Drummond's view is better. He makes a genesis of new life in man by the incarnation, calling this life spiritual, when we know it is only supernatural and representative, and that the founder of Christianity is both natural and spiritual and so supernatural, — the mediator between the two. Drummond tries to do away with the word "supernatural" altogether, not aware that he is doing away with the whole mediatorial region. This term seems to have become greatly vulgarized. It seems as if it were held as a term identical with the irrational, the superstitious, the non-natural. Let us do what we can to redeem it from these poor, trivial associations into the grandeur and breadth that "The Philosophy" gives it. It is the broad middle region, the only possible plane upon which the spiritual and natural meet. I see clearly that there can be no revelation to man other than a supernatural one. If divine revelation were not in mythical form, it would convey no spiritual truth to the human mind. There is nothing so sublime to my imagination and conception as this grand, mystical region. The highest poetry, the profoundest music, contribute to it. I know why you are so moved by the story of "Clärchen." I know why love seems better than life, — that death is sweeter than life. It is the mystic principle

of sacrifice that underlies all great thoughts and emotions. The doctrine of the cross must be reinstated to bring back into life any of the grand seriousness of eternity. Drummond does not see that in denying the supernatural he is cutting away the ladder between us and heaven. He seems to think he is doing a great work in bringing all possible experiences within the range of natural law, and that the great stumbling-block is the term "supernatural." He does not recognize the necessity of the mediatorial. This middle term is at the root of our "Philosophy." Let us cling to it.

Greece and Rome.

MARCH, 1885.

I wish you could have been present at my talks. I have gone through the old Egyptian, Persian, and Hebrew civilizations in the light of "The Philosophy," and the last two or three mornings have been upon Greece, and many new thoughts came to me. I reviewed its philosophy and culture until I brought it down to the feet of the great, universal, absorbing Roman Empire. I was newly impressed with the great agency of the Macedonian conquests in bringing the human race through Greek culture to the point of personal consciousness which was necessary as a receptive condition

for Christianity. Next time I shall take Rome, and show how it always, from its very beginning, represented universality and authority,— how it necessarily subjected to itself all other forms of human development.

Rome was indeed the Eternal City. The capital and queen of the pagan world, it only passed on to a higher and more internal basis as the capital and queen of Christendom. It represents to my mind the authority, even despotic authority, of truth. It was the great conquering, comprehending, unifying, virile principle in human progress. I do not see any other time in history, save at this unifying point of the Roman sway, when the Christian ideal could have been introduced into the world; and this Christian ideal was the doctrine of the divine humanity. Men longed to know God. There was no other way possible but in the creation of a divine-human sphere in which God and man should meet as one; and there was no way to communicate this divine conception to man excepting through incarnation in a supernatural human life. So I have come at last, after a life-long naturalism, to accept the life of Jesus the Christ as supernatural and symbolic; and once accepting this, I stagger no longer at supernatural manifestations, though the same or similar ones surrounded the cradle

of Buddha. And why not? I feel bold enough to say. Buddha was supernatural — a revelation from the opposite or destructive side of the spiritual. I see more clearly than ever how purely transcendental is Buddhism.

MY VERY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND :

I sympathize with and grieve for you as another dear face and form is taken out of your home. I do mourn for those that are gone. Look at it as we may, under whatever elevating and inspiring influences, the fact remains the same. In death our beloved vanish out of our sight and away from the touch of our eager hands, and the pang of separation cannot be evaded. I know no way of escaping this pain. Our mortal life is full of it, and so I believe that the pain of itself clarifies and purifies. But there is surely something more than this; and what is it? All that I have learned seems so trite to say, and yet the commonplaces of religion, words that are on every one's lips, cover the profoundest verities, the most startling and supernatural revelations, could we but realize these truths and make them actual to our lives as is the daily sun in the heavens. We must and do believe in the divine Providence that inwraps and involves our little lives as completely, as perfectly, as

each drop of water is as full of the presence of the divine laws as is the vast ocean itself. With Him there is no little and no great. His work is perfect in all its details ; and it is eternally true that even the hairs of our head are numbered.

Then cannot we give up ourselves, nay, more than ourselves, the mother, the sister, the friend, for whom we would lay down our own lives, — cannot we give these dear ones away to that infinite love and care, feeling sure that they can never throughout the universe of worlds get astray, or beyond that encircling arm ?

I think that often, in the fervor of our human affections, comes the painful sense of how little we can do. Our utmost efforts are so impotent to save. It is only in the most unreserved, most abounding faith and trust in One who is mighty to save, that we give them away utterly to Him, — to be his forever and wherever, as they assuredly were his here and now.

My dear girl, I have nothing to say but this : The more absolutely we trust Him, the deeper grows the sense of his sufficiency.

JANUARY, 1883.

. . . . I know well that every one must bear his own burden, that we all have a peculiar

and individual constitution, and the form that sorrow and trial take to each one of us varies according to our individuality. And yet it is true, also, that we are all alike,—more alike than different,—all subjects of a Will that is over and above our own, all bearers of this burden of an ever-changing and progressive humanity. We have a common lot. We all, sooner or later, suffer with sorrow and moan with pain ; and so we sympathize with and pity each other. No one knows better than I do what a help along the way is the sympathy of friends. But I sometimes think that we can help each other better, if we can only more deeply realize that we are one in another bond than that of natural joy and sorrow. We long with longings unutterable to sit together at the table, and to drink from one cup ; and that table and that cup are the spiritual truth and life which have been so symbolized by all Christian art. No wonder these symbols have been so cherished, so clung to by the heart of the race ! “ Eat and drink.” “ This is my body and my blood.” And I know nothing to soothe in sorrow and to assuage in anguish but the conviction that there is objective, absolute, spiritual truth and life, upon which in the hunger of the soul we may feed and grow and live, we know not when or how, and that this spiritual truth is the Christ of God.

And yet I know it seems very cold and unsatisfactory to say that all we have of help and comfort is through faith in that divine humanity through which, and only through which, God touches the soul. We are full of pain and tears, and faith seems so cold, high, and barren a path. It is so indeed, but there are alleviations and condescensions in the providence of God to the weakness of our humanity,—the tenderness and sympathy of our friends, the joy of serving and being served, the loveliness of nature, the suggestions of art, and more than all, far more than all, the inexpressible solaces of prayer, and the limitless suggestions and affirmations that the longings and satisfactions of the religious nature give to the reality of the ultimate union with God through faith and worship of the incarnate or spiritual truth.

It is our right to take every comfort and help by the way,—to listen to the voice that suits our present need, or cherish the sentiments that sweeten our cup. There is One who apportions the food and drink, and there is no haste nor hurry nor delay with Him. I believe that everything comes to us in the fullness of its time; and though I would gladly close this letter by saying, as so many religious persons do, that I have seen and heard of the glory of the Lord, I do not say it. I live by

faith, a growing and deepening faith. Others may speak from knowledge. I know He gives me all the light I can bear. I am glad to know that He will not unbind our eyes until the fullness of our time shall come. . . .

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The absolute need of every human soul is the same, and the infinite Providence infolds every soul like an atmosphere. I could give up the dearest object in the universe out of my love, into that divine, all-sufficing care. Always to be with Him, here or there, consciously or unconsciously; always to be with Him, who is as essentially human as essentially divine, — to trust Him utterly; not that He always does or always will bring or give what we call happiness, but that He will always do for us and ours that which He knows is the best.

Oh, do not think, my dear friend, with the poet Tennyson,

“How common is the commonplace!”

Great truths are commonplace because they are revelations of the universal or spiritual judgment; but when they find us out in our individual need, it is as if they were spoken to our private ears. Temporal things seem to roll together like a scroll, and we learn that the deepest cry of our heart is to follow Him, at

whatever cost, and to give our beloved to Him, and to Him only.

Every heart knows its own sorrow. Every heart knows that for its deepest pain there is no remedy but in the thought of God, our maker. Yes, I use the old-fashioned words: He made us and knows us as no human being does, or can, or ought. To trust Him through the doubt of the senses is, I truly believe, the greatest act of the soul, — the act of spiritual obedience. And the noblest instinct of the soul is to obey.

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MAY, 1865.

. . . . I should hardly believe that dear F. could find strength anywhere to sustain this shock, did I not know the wonderfully recuperative power there is in the human soul, — had I not learned from experience and observation, not so much to wonder at what we pass through, as that things touch us so slightly, — that after all, in spite of moments of anguish and hours and days of weariness, we emerge from the shadow of distress and disaster so intact, so unspoiled of any real wealth, so unshorn of any vital strength. Nothing makes me so realize the value of every individual soul, and its supremacy to its conditions, as the way it sheds

disappointment and even bereavement. I know no one who can bear to hear this in the first access of grief. I know that sorrow loves its sorrow better than any consolation. How true, and beautiful because true — since truth and beauty are one — are the lines of Tennyson :

“Let Love clasp Grief, lest both be drown’d ;
Let darkness keep her raven gloss :
Ah ! sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,
Than that the victor Hours should scorn
The long result of love, and boast,
‘Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.’ ”

And yet it is not the victor Hours : it is the victor Soul.

But we never believe that the future has anything to give so good as the past. There is a certain loyalty within that is offended if any one hint that any new joy can take the place of the old, that any other love can compensate for the vanishing of the old love. It is in vain to tell us that archangels will come in the room of our angels. We are jealous of the new-comers. The heart is not ambitious ; it would rather have the old content than a nobler newness. The soul in sorrow is homesick, and pines for the well known and dear, and faints before untried paths ; and I

believe it is better to have its sorrow out. The deepest grief is comparatively momentary ; all the courses of nature are remedial.

The sure onmoving of time, the successions of thought, the reactions of emotion, tend to restore equilibrium to the tortured sensibilities. The soul moves on ; its states vary and advance ; and when at any marked point of its career it pauses for a new introspection, it finds that the life that lies behind it, so full in the passing, so quivering with sharp thrills of joy and sharper thrills of pain, has filtered itself into a few facts of consciousness, or has crystallized itself into the perception of a truth before which the soul stands and says : " I have bought thee at a price, but I could not have won thee for less."

For her who has lost the tender and wise friend, the sure and gentle counselor, no voice is gentle enough to speak consolation. There can be no pressure on that wound tender and delicate enough, save that touch which is the breath of the infinite spirit. When that comes, no sun of May is so cheering, no June breath so healing, for is it not the shine within the sunshine, the aroma within the fragrance ?

MY DEAR —— :

My heart urges me to write to you, though I really do not know the right word to say in this very great bereavement. Great sorrows must be borne more or less alone. I know how far off and unavailing is the consolation friends would so earnestly offer, when all the stricken heart yearns for is to see once again the face, and hear once again the voice, that never were so beautiful and precious to us as when the veil of death has hidden them from our sight. Oh, how we think, if it could only be once again! What years of our life we would give for one recovered hour out of the impenetrable shadow! But they do not come again. The beautiful in person, the lovely in spirit, the tender, gentle, and dearly beloved, do not come again. And our life would be sorrowed out of us, if God did not send his angels in their place. We could not bear it, we could not let these inexpressibly dear ones go, did not He who made us, and who has opened within us these deep fountains of human affection, himself draw near in his own profound, mysterious way, and infuse the strength we need. No human sympathy is delicate or efficient enough in our extreme need. But he does most assuredly, slowly perhaps, and little by little, so unseal deep, inner resources, so touch with anointing

our blinded eyes, that we do come to feel the reality of his overshadowing providence, and to trust Him for now and ever.

My dear, I cannot intrude upon you with more words. I know no other balm for the wounds of time than that deepening and uplifting of our whole being which is the outcome of great griefs, borne in faith and trust.

Extracts.

There is one Creator, the Lord God of Hosts. He makes and governs man by and through man, but never lays down his creatorship. I believe in development and in completion.

I believe in a glorified humanity, but not to the doing away of the necessity of an imperfect and progressive humanity, any more than I believe that the time will ever come when children will be born full-grown, and so supersede the cares and vexations of the nursery and school-room. I believe, according to the old catechism, that man is made for the glory of God, and to enjoy Him forever; and having become completed, his individuality will be used as a medium for the creation by God of ever-renewing spheres of beauty.

In the mean time earth exists for schooling, for discipline and development: it is the veil

woven around the too tender soul that would only be destroyed by premature light, but in whose inmost depths is the prophecy that it shall awake, and be satisfied when it finds itself in the likeness of God.

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With the perception of universal law there comes a silence in heaven.

On earth we talk and have our say, and the speech of some is silvern.

In the golden silence, souls will blend without speech.

• • • • •

Progress.

We have lived long enough and felt deeply enough to know that "things are not as they seem;" that pain and loss upon one plane of the soul's experience is but purification and gain on a higher plane; that the world of reality lies interior to the world of the senses; that the soul cannot be hurt nor hindered, strictly speaking, in its development, but by sure and inviolable laws its progress goes on, orbital like the earth, "now through shadow, now through sun," until it "comes full circle," and is then made capable of redemption into another and spiritual order of being and existence. But that great preliminary development

nothing can stop, and death is but one of the rounds in its ladder. It is very pleasant to me to think of those we call the dead as sharing in the same great development as ourselves, the same nature, the same primal faculties, and perhaps a not unlike discipline; for earth extends far beyond this corporeal change we call death, so that no one is cheated of full stature as a human being, no one is cut down in his prime, but each and all shall know the whole of earth, suck all its sweetness and learn all its limitations, ere they stand at the portals of Heaven. For a Heaven there is; not merely a state or place for the departed, not merely a prolongation or a refining of earth,—this there is, too, beyond the grave, but that is not Heaven,—but a Heaven there is of absolute, spiritual conditions; a rest from the finite; a redemption out of nature into spirit. For those of us who have tested the whole of earth, either actually or essentially, is not this hope of Heaven, this faith in the offered redemption out of the bonds of nature into the freedom of spirit,—is not this faith the deep refuge of the soul, the only sufficing faith, the word of God by which we live? Nothing can express to you what the mere dawning of this faith seems to me. We are not bound to climb forever and forever with blinded eyes and sinking heart,

and ever and ever slipping steps up and up the high, steep mount of goodness ; no, we may sit down at its very foot, and another will take us and carry us in his bosom, as a shepherd does a lamb. We need no longer wring our hands over failures, nor weep in anguish at the burden disproportioned to the strength ; no, for another has taken up our task. He will see that it is done, or let it be undone : we have nothing to do but believe in Him.

POEMS.

NATURE'S CONTENT.

THE reindeer loves his icy home,
Nor murmurs o'er its stinted flowers ;
Patient within his sultry zone
The noiseless camel treads the hours.

Dashing along his polar seas,
The huge whale keeps his fleet career,
Deafening and dark ; the vessel's keel
Touches its wave in doubt and fear :

Near him the mighty vortex opes,
The whirlpool rears its dripping cone ;
With the fierce storm he fiercely copes
In his sea-wilderness, alone :

Nor needs he other, — needs no band
Of fellow-toilers ; hope nor fear
Nor discontent his heart expand ;
Harmonious to his savage sphere.

Close to their birthplace and their kind
The valley flowerets softly cling,
Nor care how mountain tendrils wind
On high, and far their fragrance fling.

The bright-winged birds love well the hue
They borrow from the lavish sun ;
Them lures no northern heavens' blue,
Nor cooler streams nor coverts dun :

Thus too, the tribes that learn their notes,
Their sweeter notes, in softer grot ;
That song as unrepining floats, —
All have and know and love their lot.

All have their place : in happy bounds
The fish, the birds, the flowerets grow ;
Duteous and sweet the air surrounds,
Obedient still the waters flow.

All have and know and love their place
Save man's lone spirit, careful clad
In garments of the human race ;
Nor duteous he, content nor glad.

But passion-tossed and fancy-stirred,
Longing and ever missing bliss,
Lord of the happy beast and bird,
Ah, wherefore and whereto is this ?

STAR-CHILD.

IN a pleasant chamber, close beside
A lofty window, deep and wide,
Stood a little bed, in whose bosom deep
A young boy went to his nightly sleep.
The window was as a crystal door,
Opening out on the silent night ;
And the radiance of the clear starlight
Lay in white streaks on the chamber-floor,
And shone on the pillow and the bed,
And brightened the sleeper's beautiful head.

And all the night, as one by one
The shining stars went up the sky,
They paused and looked through that window high ;
And as each and every star in turn
Like a crown of silver lustre shone
Round the head of the boy, more still and deep,
More starry and bright, grew his innocent sleep.

One night he awoke, and one star alone
Through that lofty casement was shining down.
He gazed and he gazed, till it grew like an eye,
Placid and clear in the midnight sky ;
Then the boy looked trustfully up and smiled,
And the star looked brightly back to the child.

The morrow he went to his pictures and play,
But ever and often he turned him away,

And smiled to his thought, as though a fair dream
Were passing him and his sports between.
The mother questions him gently the while,
" Why does my boy look upward and smile ? "
" O mother ! O mother ! I would you might see
The beautiful angel that 's watching me ! "

ONE HOUR.

LET me be content in this still room !
I have no past nor future : I will live an hour,
One present hour, bounded and limited,
An independent, self-existing hour.
I nothing know nor see but only this :
The sun is bright, lying in full, large squares
Upon the brightened floor ; shadows of leaves,
Or branches bare, tremble and leap,
Then sudden rest, then interlace again,
Shiver and wave and cross in dance grotesque ;
The fire is pleasant, with its restless flame
And soft uptending smoke : I will so live
An utter, dreamless, unremembering hour.
Alas ! a power almighty masters me ;
Spirits invade my presence ; the loud wind,
I needs must hear it, the autumnal wind, —
It bears my soul reluctant from its rest ;
(I am a mortal wrestling with a power
That will not be put by ;) its moan,
Its full, deep, swelling, sinking wail,
It bears me to the everlasting sea ;

I hear its murmur in the mighty deep,
The echo of the wide, the ever full,
The omnipresent wail of Memory.

A single hour ! a single fireside hour
Of present being : there is never such !
An hour is infinite ; its elements
Are in the past and future ; it is linked
With universal time ; the wind, the wave,
Tear it and rend it till it utter out
Its note of the great concert. Life is one,
And the autumnal wind, with sudden wail ;
Or lisping breeze of spring ; the cricket's sound ;
The very ticking of the household clock, —
(Oh, this monotony, this sure return,
Is it not in the soul ?) — all sounds, in moan,
Or musical of joy, are echoes all
Or prophecy, the Coming or the Been !

1840.

DAY AND NIGHT.

O LIGHT of Day ! How lovely, how divine,
Thy revelations are ! each golden line
And imitative mount of sleeping foam
That on the o'erbending arch repose or roam,
Their glory to thy magic influence owe,
Creator and revealer of their glow !
Each shape of leaf, so delicately clear,
Imprinted on the light-obstructed ground,

The graceful openings 'mid leaflets near,
 Or crossing twigs, or nest obtrusive found,
 Thou turn'st, all-bathing Light, to portals sweet,
 The foliage kindling with thy myriad feet.
 O Light of Day ! O Artist most divine !
 What hues in hue, what forms of form, are thine ;
 Voiceless yet calling sounds from hill and dell,
 Viewless, yet making all else visible !
 Alas, thou world-awakener ! vast and far
 Thy searching fire, from morning star to star.

Thine is the living world ; thy power is shed
 On the material eye : thou shovest not the Dead !
 In deepest nook, the deepest-shaded flower
 That hides dew-hidden in the morning hour,
 Is found at last by thy resistless power,
 And stands like vestal at discovered shrine,
 Drooping, yet lofty, shrinking, yet divine !
 The tear-swelled eye, that loves the hiding night,
 The blind, dumb night, the dear, unspeaking night,
 Is yet betrayed by thee, unpitying Light !
 One secret only is not thine to show,
 One abyss unsealed by gleam or glow :
 Many thy sweet revealings from afar,
 Oh wouldest thou tell where vanished spirits are !

Beloved Darkness ! beautiful and sweet,
 The soft envelope of the weary eye !
 With hush refining ever, dost thou seek
 The hut of noisy words and misery,
 The hut forgotten, ne'er forgot by thee !

All awe-inspiring is thy mute embrace,
And erring brain and hand that overfill
The glaring day with forms of busy ill
Are cleansed with quiet for a little space.
O Night, redeeming that thou bringest sleep !
The breath of childhood's statuary rest
Goes up like incense in thy circling shade ;
And those that sigh in sadness know thee best
For sighs and tears and prayers that shrink afraid,
Even in thy bosom, at the woe betrayed.
O Darkness, wakener of the spirit's beam,
Moment of Inspiration, when the soul
Is borne resistless on a mighty stream
Of images and visions not its own,
The glory passes, and the mortal form
Lies mute and still and gasping from its dream,
Like fainting priestess from the tripod borne !
Beloved Darkness, that with modest pride
Bring'st out thy starry treasures, soft and slow,
Filling with startling shadows, heath, and side
Of sloping hill, and river's silvering flow,
What know'st thou of the ever-gathering Dead ?
Where are the beautiful ? the spirits rare
That gazed through lustrous eyes and shining
hair ?
Athenian ones of every age and clime,
Who moved about in drapery so fine
Of rose and white that all the soul shone through,
As light, pervading, fills the drop of dew ?
And vanished childhood, — ah, that witchery !
Where has it passed, in sea or air or sky,

That sparkle of life's wine, ethereal glow,
Where went it when it melted from below ?
Oh, listen, Day and Night ! their wail is borne
Back to the primal hour, earth's earliest home !

Ye cannot speak ? — then is your beauty vain,
Your morning freshness and your evening glow :
We scorn you, in our majesty of pain !
Some hour, some time, the patient soul shall know ;
Some other Night shall come with deeper thrill,
Some other Day with light resplendent fill.

1840.

TO MR. HALL.

ON RECEIVING A VOLUME OF MR. EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

THE book is full to mind o'erflowing,
The picture bright to fancy glowing.
Not to the dull, the cold, the lonely,
Is home a magic word, but only
To those whose soul, all self above,
Can find the common hearth divine,
Where draperies and faces shine
In the transfiguring light of love :
So, gentle book ! thy lines that flow,
“Golden and glad,” my lip along,
Receive amid their mellow flow,
Secret and sweet, an undersong
Of harmonies that rise forever,
Linked with the spirit of the Giver.

The sunbeam streaks amid the leaves,
Yet not displaces their soft line ;
The running brook the star receives,
Its waters mingling with the shine :
So from this soft poetic page
The giver's spirit gleameth through,
And inward flow the memories
Of holy calls and opened skies,
Of meekest prayer and worship free,
And gentle might of sympathy :
They mingle in the poet's song,
And flow as flow its words along,
Adding a charm its own transcending,
And yet harmoniously blending.

So, gentle book, with thee is wove
A charm thy graceful life above.
More music than the Artist meant
Is stricken from his instrument ;
For as the pearly lines flow on,
Keeps time in gentle unison
The music of a friendship high
Of counsel true and ministry,
And each to each in concord rare
Blend as the perfect light and air.

CHRISTMAS, 1840.

PRAYER.

O God, how overfull art thou
Of beauty ! how divine
From the o'erarching heavens' glow
To the earth's circling line !

My eye with glad content is fraught
To sit absorbed and still,
Watching the workings of thy thought,
The quickenings of thy will.

The stirring grass, — is it alive ?
The shadows' graceful fall,
I would their wondrous secret rive,
I long to know it all.

This only can my spirit see :
In thee they live and move, —
The sweet, the simple, and the free
Out-tracings of thy love.

Would I might share that spirit's glow !
Would thought and life might be
A gladsome and obedient flow
Of beauty caught from thee !

Make me a perfect summer-time,
A blossoming, a growth,
A living voice of love divine,
A trembling ray of truth !

THE DYING ARTIST TO HIS WIFE.

Written after reading William Blake's last words to his wife : " Thou hast ever been an angel to me."

HAVE we not lived and loved ?
Ay, lived a life intense,
Each day a hidden mine revealing,
In bars and veins of liquid gold,
Its glowing thought and earnest feeling ;
And every sunray falling free
From out the urn of Deity
Wove in our soul its parted beams
In rainbow hopes and starry dreams.

Have we not lived ? when every morn
Some fetter from the soul hath torn ?
And in the freedom of our prayer
We drew the breath of mountain air ;
And in the grandeur of the skies
We felt the strength of our uprise ;
And streaked and tinged in thoughts of gold
We knew the morning of the soul !
When every walk by ocean-shore
Is lingering in moan and roar,
And every sense is still imbued
With the wild wanderings in the wood ;
And every flower we pressed between
Our hands still vivifies our dream.
Ah ! smell you not the violet ?
The blue-tinged odor floweth yet

From off thy lips in song and word,
And smile and glance are as the hoard
Of sweetness, gathered as we stood
By hill and lake and stream and wood.

Have we not lived ? when every night,
These garret walls to chaos shriven,
Forwards and backwards to the sight
A shining banquet-hall hath risen ;
In flowed our glorious company,
Poet and prophet, regal ones
From cross and stake and battle thrones ;
And still the tinted clouds would gleam
Like waving tapestry between :
White were their garments, without soil,
And on their brow nor haste nor toil,
But deep within the starry eyes
The light of spirit victories.
They fade, they sink, as fades away
The light more radiant than day :
In music from our lips would burst
The truths these spirit guests rehearsed.

Have we not loved ? Oh, not the dew,
The myriad drops that sweet and far
Touch the hot leaves at evening-star,
Sheds half so seraph-bright a hue,
Brings not so angel-winged relief,
As soft in care and bright in grief.
Life's myriad moments, every one,
Its quivering, fleeting leaves among,
Crystal and cool, thy love hath shone.

Have we not loved ? In hue and line
I 've sought to stay the vision glowing
Of Grace and Love my soul o'erflowing :
The child, in innocence divine ;
The girl, her first deep thought concealing,
But in her mystic eyes revealing,
As stars through summer skies soft stealing ;
The mother, with her gaze intense,
The mother-Mary radiance, —
Thou the creative thought awoke ;
From thee the earnest impulse broke ;
And pencil but repainted thee
My visible Divinity !

And in the dark and hapless hour
When, faint and sad and earth-inbound,
I 've shrunk before the mighty power
Of the inflooding sight and sound ;
And hid mine eyes, and longed to be
A mortal from the Godhead free,
And fain would to the desert fly
An exile from my destiny, —
Then, while thy murmured music hushed
The tumult of the soul away,
From thine own radiant mind hath flushed
A light upon the hidden way ;
Thy clear, serenal glance could tell
The missing key-note of the spell
To the immortal powers inlying
Like shut-in fire agasp and dying ;

And in thy quick imaginings
My spirit pruned its drooping wings,
And from the rapture of thy eyes
Relit its fainting energies :
I knew that thou an angel wert,
Bringing me bread to eat and wine
From thy exhaustless thoughts divine,
And thy unfathomed wealth of heart.

Call ye it toil and poverty ?
Have we not lived ? a streamlet free
From out the sea of Deity !
A gleam of planetary light
Upon the void, unfathomed night, —
A thought, a victory, a will,
A symbol of the Invincible !
A struggle from the Eternal Might,
A ray of the Eternal Light,
A segment of the Infinite !

I tell thee that these meagre walls
Have been a palace, my beloved !
Pillared and roofed as monarchs' halls ;
And thou, my spirit's Queen, hast moved
Begirt in gems : I see them now,
Glistening on robe and hand and brow ;
Gems polished in the mine of thought,
By faith and hope and toil inwrought,
And flashing in thy crystal love
The diamond's purity above.

Nay, earth is but a sumptuous gem,
Bright resting-spot of wingèd feet;
It moves 'mid stars, and chimes with them
Harmonious in motion sweet :
I sway unto its melody ;
I vibrate in its flowings free,
Day vanishes, the stars are gone,
A sapphire radiance flashes down ;
My soul floats off on a pulsing sea,
I sink in the depths of Infinity !

1839.

DREAMS.

COME to me, bright Dreams !
Let not this night forever glide along, —
This night, belovèd of the partial noon :
All common things rejoice in her caress,
And throw their chiseled shadows pure and true,
Re-uttering the calm beauty they receive.
Come to me, bright Dreams !
And while the weary form lies motionless,
And hand and lip are still, and restless eye
Is pressed by night pervading, let the soul
Disport harmonious to the magic hour ;
While the great moon rolls onward round the world,
And the moist air and swelling buds make inter-
change of life
In sure and true and wordless ministry.

The day is poor and torn, and scarred all o'er
With vexing trifles, and the facts of life
Lie bare in weary sameness, echoed back
In language long forgetful of its birth
'Mid sounding stream and many murmuring leaf ;
Day is bound down and hemmed and harnessed in
By the stern rule of unremitting law,
Cause and effect, — rulers inflexible
Of human fantasy, that rears and stamps
Like a young war-horse in the hated rein.
All things go on demurely : night, the morn,
In footfall regular ; the earth pursues
In fruitless constancy the imperial sun,
Who keeps the circled area of his state
Inviolate from approach of meaner ball ;
Still bears the seed the flower, and still the spring,
By mildew blighted, fails in future grain ;
Still summer's dust is dust, and never gold,
Nor foamy bubbles, airy palaces.
But Sleep upturns this iron-girted realm,
And builds a dynasty fantastic, strange ;
Day lawless breaks on night, and stars run wild,
Glimmer and shine, in glorious rivalry
Of the all-piercing sun ; in clearest air
Light as a rose-leaf riven navies float.
Nothing is strange ; we do all things and see
In glorious freedom from astonishment,
The dead return, and in their grave-clothes talk,
Speaking old words in unfamiliar sounds,
Looking upon us with remembered eyes,

That peer and glisten from a stranger face,
Themselves and yet another !

Come, bright Dreams !

The day forever tells me what I am ;
Day is a mirror that reflects us back
In weariful identity. But Dreams !
In thee I stand upon a boundless wild ;
I hear the roaring of its mighty herds ;
My step grows like the leaping of the deer,
And my eye shames the eagle ; or upborne
Upon the ocean's breast I float sublime,
Pilot nor steersman save the living Eye
That fills the circling dome ; or in some vale
Made cool by mountain shadows, and the scent
Of curling blossoms, passively I sink,
And hear a voice breathing upon my soul,
The glory of the sky made audible,
The voice of sympathy and love.
Oh, such a sleep, so fed by vivid dream,
Were worth a common day ; and I should wake
To the worn sunshine and the old detail,
Like one who in the nightly hours had found
That fabled fountain of perennial youth,
And drank thereof, and loved, and was reborn !

1842.

SPRING.

How reticent is the opening,
The opening dear and good of Spring !
It cometh not with sudden glare,
Smiting its joy on our despair,
Bringing us rudely to the light,
With brows imbound with winter blight,
But soft and delicate and slow,
As if too diffident to show
The wealth it longeth to bestow.

The vestal blossoms come the first ;
On the bare, rugged branch they burst ;
They come in frail and fickle weather ;
They wait not though the east wind grieves,
They stay not for the pomp of leaves ;
(It were too much to come together !)
But the leaves come when the blooms are o'er,
Come in their turn, and nothing more.

All nature breathes humility ;
Ever a gentle self-disowning,
As beauty for itself atoning ;
An asking in meek courtesy
Permission so divine to be,
Lest its white purity should kill
Man's heart with awe, not raise and fill.

You cannot tell when Spring is here ;
You think to go into the air,
And take her floral gift in hand,
And kneel and bless her where you stand.
The keen wind smites, she is not there ;
The welkin lowereth gray and dim :
Aside we turn in mute despair,
When suddenly, from sky or ground
Some breath or quiver, or the spring
Of latent bird on sudden wing,
A yellow sheen within the air,
A shadowy odor to the sense,
A flooding of a life intense
O'er soul and body, till we seem
To move in deeps of love supreme,
And know the primal fact that lies
As base beneath all mysteries.
It passes, and the earth and sky
Take the old area of the eye,
But in unconscious, soulic cells
For aye the vital glory dwells.

Most delicate and tenderly
Nature her secret great discloses,
As if she feared to let us see
How near to God her heart reposes ;
How near were she, how far off we.
She passeth with a sad, grave blush
From out our praise, as she would hush
The pride that thinketh aught to know ;
Yet on the goddess' parting face

Lingers a smile of kindly glow;
A gleaming benedict of grace,
A promise of empyrean ways
Crowning our short and solemn days ;
A hint of high poetic mood,
Atoned with gentleness and good ;
A soothing thrill, a hushing touch
That lifts the heart yet not too much.

TWO HYMNS.

I.

GOD of those stars sublime ! I need
Thy presence, need to know
That thou art God, my God indeed.

Cold and far off they shine, they glow,
In their strange brightness, like to spirits' eyes,
Awful, intensely on my naked soul ;
Beautiful are they, but so strange, so cold,
I know them not : I shrink, I cling
Like a scared insect to this whirling ball,
Upon whose swelling lines I woke one morn,
Unknowing who I was, or whence I came ;
And still I know not : fastened to its verge
By a resistless power, with it I speed
On its eternal way, and those strange eyes,
Those starry eyes, look ever on me thus ;
I wake, I sleep, but still they look on me,
Mild yet reproachful, beautiful but strange.

Visions are round me, — many moving things,
In clothing beautiful, soft and colored forms
With drooping heads caressing ; eyes so meek
And loving and appealing, but they hold
A nature strange and different, each enwrapt
In its own mortal mystery : near they are,
And yet how distant, — familiar, fond,
Yet strangers all ! I know not what they are.

And higher forms, from out whose mystic eyes,
Gracefully curved and vestal-like, obscured
By shading lashes, looks a being out,
That seems myself and is not, — kindred linked,
Yet most communionless : I know them not,
Nor they know me ; nearest, yet most apart,
Moving in saddest mystery each to each,
Like spellbound souls that coldly meet in dreams
Which in some waking hour had intertwined.

Yet some, too, woven with me in a veil,
Viewless, but all-enduring, — kindred love :
Their eyes are on me like awakening light ;
They touch my forehead, press my given hand,
Smile rare or oft, or sit most silently ;
Yet all is understood, — the watchful care,
The sympathetic joy, and the unutterable wealth
Of helping tears, — all, all is understood :
Sure these are me ; sure my affections, theirs,
Awe-stricken thoughts and over-rushing sins,
My hopes, my loves, my struggles, and my straits
Are theirs to bear, to know, to carry out,

To sift, to learn, to war and wrestle through.
Ah, no ! oh, no ! for every spirit round
There is a circle where no other comes.
Even when we lay our head upon the breast,
And pour our thoughts as liquid jewels out,
And feel the strength that comes from soul beloved
Steal through our own as steals the living heat,
Nurture and bloom into the opening leaves ;
Yet is the spirit lone, — its problem deep
No other may work out ; its mystic way
No other wing may try : passionate hopes,
Mighty yet powerless, and most awful fears,
Its strength ne'er equal to the burden laid,
Longings to stop, yet eagerness to go,
Is its alone ; a wall unscalable
Circuits the soul, — its fellows cannot pass ;
The mother may not spare the child, to take
Its youthful burden on her willing heart,
Nor friend enfranchise friend. Alone, alone
The soul must do its own immortal work ;
The best beloved most distant are ; the near
Far severed wide. Soul knows not soul,
Not more than those unanswering stars divine.

God of these stars sublime ! I need
Thy presence, need to know
That thou art God, my God indeed.
Shield me, 'mid thine innumerable worlds ;
Give me some point where I may rest,
While thy unceasing ages flow ;
Hide me from thine irradiated stars,

And the far sadder light, untraceable
 Of human eyes ; for strangers are they all,
 A wandering thought o'er the unlistening sea.
 Recall, Eternal Source ! and reassume
 In thine own essence peace unutterable !

II.

A night of stars !
 Thick studded o'er the sky
 From line of vision, vanishing high
 Into the far immensity,
 To where the dark horizon bars
 The earth-restricted eye.

Brilliantly serene,
 In the near firmament,
 The brighter planets beam ;
 While from the void supreme
 The paler glories stream,
 Making earth radiant,
 As an angelic dream !

Athwart the gilded dome
 Sudden the meteor glides :
 The gazer starts, lest doom
 Of chance or change had come
 On that eternal home,
 Whose still sublimity abides
 Through ages come and gone.

The moon is fondly near ;
 Pale, watchful, mother-like,

She smileth on our cheer,
She husheth up the tear ;
But with a holy fear
These starry splendors strike
The distant worshiper.

Where mighty oceans sweep
They shine afar ;
Where softer rivers leap,
Where trickling fountains weep,
Where the still lakelets sleep,
Gleams back each star,
Like torches from the deep.

In rapturous mood,
Silent with clasping hands,
And earnest brow subdued,
The ancient Shepherd stood,
As night to night he viewed
These glory-clustered bands
In Heaven's vast solitude.

Borne on the mighty sway
Of thought, his spirit ran
O'er the resplendent way,
Leaping from ray to ray
To uncreated day ;
Then — “ What is man ? ”
He sang — “ The child of clay.”

A spirit answered,
'Midst bursts of wavy light, —

Meekly and glad he heard, —
“ Man is the Son, the Word,
The best beloved of God,
With glory crowned and might,
And stars are his abode.”

CLOUDS.

YE clouds ! the very vagaries of grace,
So wild and startling, fanciful and strange,
And changing momently, yet pure and true,
Distorted never, marring beauty's mould ;
But now ye lay a mass, a heaped-up mass,
Of interwoven beams, blue, rose, and green,
Not blended, but infused in one soft hue,
That yet has found no name. A sudden thrill,
A low, sweet thrill of motion, stirred the air,
Perhaps a tremor of self-conscious joy,
That the contiguous breezes, moving slow,
Transmitted each to each : instant as thought,
Yet imperceptibly, your form dissolved
Into a curtain of so fine a stain
The young sky-spirits, that behind it clung,
Betrayed their glancing shapes ; a moment more,
Solid and steep, and piled like earthly mount,
With juts for climber's foot, upholding firm,
And long, smooth top, where he may gladly fling
His palpitating form, and proudly gaze
Upon a world below, and humbly up,
For Heaven is still beyond.

Stretches now

The gathering darkness on the silent west,
Smooth-edged, yet tapering off in gloomy point,
With that long line of sultry red beneath,
As if its tightly vested bosom bore
The lightning close concealed.

Ye fair and soft and ever-varying clouds !
Where in your golden circuit find ye out
The Armory of Heaven, rifling thence
Its gleaming swords ? Ye tearful clouds !
Feminine ever, light or dark or grim,
I fear ye not : I wonder and admire,
And gladly would I charter this soft wind,
That now is here, and now will undulate
Your yielding lines, to bear me softly hence,
That I might stand upon that golden edge,
And bathe my brow in that delicious gloom,
And leaning gaze into the sudden gap
From whence the lightning passes !

Night has come, and the bright eyes of stars,
And the voice-gifted wind, and severed wide
Ye flee, like startled spirits, through the sky
Over and over to the mighty north,
Returnless race, forgetting and forgot
Of that red, western cradle whence ye sprung !

As wild, as fitful, is the gathering mass
Of this eventful world, — enlarging heaps
Of care and joy and grief we christen Life.
Like these, they shine full oft in green and gold,

Or brightly ravishing foam : utterly fond,
 We seek repose, confiding on their breast,
 And lo ! they sink and sink, most noiseless sink,
 And leave us in the arms of nothingness.
 Like these, they pass in ever-varying form,
 As glancing angels, or assassin grim,
 Sharp-gleaming daggers 'neath concealing garb !

Might we but dwell within the upper Heaven !
 In the immensity of soul, — the realm
 Of stars serene, and suns and cloudless moons,
 Ranging delighted, while far down below
 The atmosphere of life concocts its shapes
 Evil or beautiful, and smile on all,
 As gorgeous pictures spread beneath the feet.

O Thou, supreme infinitude of Thought !
 Thou, who art height and depth ! whither is Life,
 And what are we but vanishing shadows all
 O'er the eternal ocean of thy Being !
 It is thy will, the sunbeam of thy will,
 That pervades and modifies the air
 Of mortal life, in which the spirit dwells :
 Thou congregatest these joys and hopes and griefs ;
 In thee they beam or gloom, Eternal Sun !

Let them not come between my soul and thee ;
 Let me rejoice in thy o'erflooding light ;
 Fill up my being's urn, until a Star,
 Once kindled, ne'er extinct, my soul may burn
 In the pure light of an excelling love,
 Giving out rays as lavishly as given !

“THE FUTURE IS BETTER THAN
THE PAST.”

Not where long-passed ages sleep
Seek we Eden’s golden trees ;
In the future, folded deep,
Are its mystic harmonies.

All before us lies the way,
Give the past unto the wind ;
All before us is the day,
Night and darkness are behind.

Eden with its angels bold,
Love and flowers and coolest sea,
Is not ancient story told
But a glowing prophecy.

In the spirit’s perfect air,
In the passions tame and kind,
Innocence from selfish care,
The real Eden we shall find.

It is coming, it shall come,
To the patient and the striving,
To the quiet heart at home,
Thinking wise and faithful living.

When all error is worked out
From the heart and from the life ;

When the sensuous is laid low,
Through the spirit's holy strife ;

When the soul to sin hath died,
True and beautiful and sound,—
Then all earth is sanctified,
Upsprings Paradise around.

Then shall come the Eden days,
Guardian watch from seraph-eyes ;
Angels on the slanting rays,
Voices from the opening skies.

From this spirit-land afar
All disturbing force shall flee ;
Stir nor toil nor hope shall mar
Its immortal unity.

TO R. W. EMERSON.

GRACEFUL and sweet and strong,
Poet and Sage, thy lessons glow,
The sheen refined of autumn's sun,
The dawning day's ethereal flow.

Thoughts of distant eras come,
Veiled in mystical star-shine,
Filling the imperial dome,
Spirit-hour of earliest time ;
Hour of faith with beauty's zone,
Faith that scorns the weeper, Hope,

And high resolves that bravely cope
With the far sky, that soft and fine
Involves us in its curve sublime.
No vexed nor turbid thought,
No passion's muddied sea,
No dreams of foam and fury wrought
Win melody from thee,
But the quiet deeps of soul,
But the spirit's ocean roll.

Knelt we in the pathless wood,
Which to heaven its branches rears,
Stately growths, the tall and good
Nurslings of uncounted years ;
Filled with nature's darlings bold,
Quick of foot and keen of eye,
And where God, in evening gold,
'Mid the whispering leaves is nigh,
We might venture to prolong
In our heart thy lofty song.
Lay we by the mountain rill,
And awakened from a dream,
Pure as that, as deep and still,
Ministered, like Hebrew seer,
By waving wings that glance and gleam,
Dark and lustrous from the stream
Of inner deeps of joy and fear,
Yet rich and purpled in the day,
Like angels in high heaven's array,
We might dare to look upon
Hope and might and deed as one.

But we wander by a pool,
Reeds and mires of sense among,
And the air of heaven's song
Floats above, far off and cool ;
And the perfect light comes down
On a plot to weeds o'ergrown,
And the croak of earthly words
Mars the music of the birds,
That a ceaseless anthem keep
In the Eden soft and deep,
In the bridal bower apart
Of the poet's inmost heart.

Rays of the supernal light
Fall not on our daily eye,
As the child in mild delight
Glads him 'neath the common sky ;
Gentle and accustomed lot,
Keen and warm, yet wounding not ;
But, as lightning pressing back
In a fierce and vivid chain,
Densest clouds upon its track,
Then bequeaths the gloom again.

Of the Godhead's mighty sea,
Rare we taste the mystic wave,
Not as at a fountain free
Hastes the child to drink and lave,
Simple haste and simple draught,
With recurring freshness fraught ;
But as in a fevered dream,

In a parched, sirocco land,
Hasteful touch and taste, and then
See it vanish in the sand.

In a narrow tent
Linger we, and pensively,
Time and time through wind-torn rent,
Glorious earth and sky we see ;
But the spirit's flight is bound,
And as a majestic strain,
Music to the artist dear,
Pours its finer notes in vain,
Falling on uncultured ear
But as thrilling rush of sound, —
So 'mid wonder and believing,
Losing much and much receiving,
Breathless with joy, as thought on thought
Moves on in crystal form inwrought,
Sweet shuddering as the stately sweep
Unfolds new meanings deep in deep,
Yet firm in reason's grand repose,
As softly shines, as simply glows,
As morning star or opening rose.

AUGUST SHOWER.

THE gladsome music of the shower !
The hastening, tripping, mingling sound,
Above, beneath me, all around,
On bank and tree and flower.

The rose lifts up its lip serene ;
 The insect 's still, that restless thing ;
 He makes no noise, he stirs no wing ;
 So fresh he grows and clean.

The branches thrill and drip, and bow
 Luxurious to the air ;
 How green they look, how sweet and fair,
 They gladly seem to know.

And still it pours, the welcome rain,
 Far down its rivers creep ;
 The very roots are bathing deep,
 The fainting roots of grain.

Yet more ! exhaustless 'tis as love ;
 The bladed grass is full,
 The pebble-stones are beautiful,
 So cool and wet above !

A pause, — again, — it 's almost past,
 The flowers seem to think,
 As, gasping eagerly, they drink
 The fresh, the sweet, the last.

The earth is like recovered child,
 Heeding not how an hour ago
 It panting lay and faint and low,
 So glad it is and wild.

The lighted west ! O God of Love !
 Below, in silvery streams,

Like to Aurora's softest beams,
While gold bursts out above !

AUTUMN LEAVES.

WOE, woe for the withering leaves !
Flimsy and lank and falling fast,
Hither and thither, twirling and whirling
In the freshening wind, in the bright blue sky ;
Glistening and clear and keen is the sky,
But it has no mercy, none,
For the pitiful, pelted, driven leaves :
I saw ye, leaves ! in your cradle lying
On that day far back, — oh, where is it now ? —
In your varied, velvety hues of green,
That softer and softer grew to the eye
As the loving sunlight went glancing by.
Out of the dark, hard tree,
Wonderful things, ye came ;
A summer hour has passed,
Sultry and red and still,
As life were pressed down by a mighty force ;
A summer rain has fallen,
A liquid light and sound,
And dripped the drops from your shivering edge,
But they 'll drip no more : your hour has come.
Remaineth the tree, but passeth the leaf,
Into the damp ground silently sinking,
Sinking, and matted in mud and in snow.
Leaves nevermore, ye colored and veined,

Ye pointed and notched, and streaked round about,
Ye circled and curved and lateral-lined,
Protean shapes of the spirit of form !
With the Sun for a nurse, feeding with light
Out of his bosom, and moon with the dew
Filched from the air under secret of night.
Tenderly nurtured and royally served,
A company regal, innumerable,
Crowning the hilltop and shading the vale,
Clustering archly the country-house,
And filling the eye of the passer-by,
The wanderer's eye with tremulous tears,
At the thought of its hidden blessedness,
Its fount of life-gladness welling within,
Shaded and covered from scorching outside
By greenness and coolness and deep repose ;
Leaves, the delicate setting of flowers,
Tempering the ruby ; round the queen-blossom
Modestly crowding, never self-seeking,
Giving the beauty they seem but to follow ;
Living meekly as leaves, only as leaves ;
Yet were they reft from wayside and bower,
From weed and from tree, — the gaudy flowers,
Shameless and bold and tarnished all o'er,
Would weary the eye like a shadowless wall,
A glaring day that casteth no night,
An eye without lashes, a mind with no thought
Deep hid in its cell, a heart with no love,
Never uttered, a home with no curtained room !
But ye are perishing, perishing fast ;
So lovely, so soft, so graceful, so good,

So many, so varied, — why were ye here ?
Out of night ye sprung, tender and juicy,
Unto night ye return, withered and scorned.
Birds sung at your birth, and youth leaped to see ;
But none to the burial gather, not one.
Woe, woe to the spent and withering leaves !
I too am a leaf : one of a forest
Seek I to be, and not part of the whole ?
The wide Forest laughs, and crushes me carelessly
As it sways to the wind of Eternity.
Circlets and curves and veinlets and stems
Must bow to the sweep of the merciless hour.
The Eternal remains, and out of its depths
Shall issue the sap, exhaustless and free,
In forests as mighty and multitudinous.

SUNLIGHT AND WHAT IT STANDS FOR.

THOU morning Sunlight glorious !
Hail Seraphim sent down to us !
Hail Raphael from the Presence, come
To grace and gild our mortal home !

I touch thy glittering robe with awe ;
The golden mantle floats afar
O'er hill and stream ; and yet its fringe
Is by my hearth ; my own door-hinge
Has opened to let in the Lord
Of Beauty as he moves abroad.

Thy teeming touch with gems is full ;
They sparkle sharply on the dull,
Down-looking eye of lame and sick ;
They start again, their blood grows quick ;
The earth-born, cowering Dark has gone,
Gone with its whimperings and moan ;
Another death-stream is passed o'er,
A shining day-jaunt lies before.

Angel and brother ! can it be
So gracious thou, and this deep me,
This far inlying force I feel
Pauper for help, inert for weal ?

Art thou the elder-born, God's joy,
And human will the tottering boy ?
Art thou his heir, his prince, his pride
And Soul, the serf that runs beside ?

If human Love is brother-born,
Sprung from the same celestial urn,
Be this the presence angel-bright,
Be this the Raphael, this the Light !

This the pervasive, wondrous charm
Old Midas wore, burnt clean from harm ;
The sorcery that swift and bold
Transmutes life's sands to living gold ;
The spell that kindles where it moves,
Trailing its glory as it goes ;

This be the common, grand surprise,
The morning-break to watching eyes ;
The stir, the leap to life again,
The Memnon touch on heart and brain ;
The calling to the open door
Whence path and progress lie before ;
Sun and sunlight, rayer and ray,
Day-bringer and itself the Day.

1848.

PRAYER.

O THOU who from a height intense
Watchest our human destiny,
See ! thou hast made us, soul and sense,
To taste the rill of life — and die.

Didst thou not give the hint sublime
Of powers mature and love divine ?
Didst thou not stir the soul's uprise,
Lure on to deeds of sacrifice,
And prompt the young, confiding tongue
To sing its brave, preluding song ?

Is this the outcome, Mighty Mind !
The broken hope, the wasted strife,
The hastening like a wounded hind
In pain and terror forth from life ?

Ah, no ! When consciousness began,
The spirit of the living Lord

Within the pulsing ear of man
 Uttered one sweet, ethereal word ;
 Full tenderly its echoes roll
 Through the soft chambers of the soul,
 And symbolized to ear and eye
 Passed out in creed and prophecy ;
 A promise and a vision given
 In yearning earth and brooding heaven :

We linger in the senses' night,
 Their mortal deafness shuts our ear ;
 Still floats from out the house of light
 The spirit's rare, translucent sphere,
 A note that, pure from earth's alloy,
 Vibrates like rhapsody of joy :

The will to do, the power to be,
 Awhile in inner cells withdrawn,
 Await in silent ecstasy
 The pearly coloring of the morn,
 When, quivering from the touch divine,
 The soul with new-born eyes shall learn
 (As pass the blearing spots of time)
 Eternal visions to discern :

Made sweet from self's enfeebling stream,
 A sea of purity inflows,
 And folded in the law supreme,
 She drinks the rapture of repose :
 Whilst, bowed in mute, adoring thrill,
 Descend from heights no mind can scan

The vital tides of thought and will,
The Godhead passing into man.

O Whisperer ! breathe in tones more clear ;
O Helper ! bow thy heavens down ;
The subtle shapes of doubt are near,
They crowd and cower us in our gloom ;
We sit within our darkened room,
Let in the day through heavenly doors !
Oh, crown us with the light of noon,
Set our weak feet on shining floors !

Not yet, O nursling Soul ! not yet ;
Still must the tender lips be wet
With milk of faith, — the narrow stair
Still guard the wavering will with care :
When the full heart is ripe and free,
The bridegroom hasteneth to thee.

SUBSTANCE AND FORM.

As heeds the child with spirit gain
The fairy tale or mythic rhyme
That wakes a vision in its brain
That suits its dream of coming time,
So hear I, as the pages tell
The secrets of Egyptian cell,
What arts the covering years infold,
On pristine walls what records bold

Of times as soft as times of May,
Of man as innocent of care,
Of forms of social life as fair,
More fair perchance, more near divine,
Than those that mould this life of mine
And thine upon the earth to-day.

As he who earliest pyramid
From iron bolt and bar undid,
And entering crypt and crypt inmost,
Stood in the central chamber lost
In awe before the clear footprint
On falling dust the sure indent
Made ages upon ages gone,
Now first to human sight made known! —

With tenderer shudder, nobler awe,
I mark the clear imprint of Law.
Some God has passed with foot sublime
And touched the quivering sand of time,
And earth throughout its deep recess
Forever keeps the soft impress.

Substance and Form make interstrife,
One rising as the one declines,
The fairer form, less real the life
The deepening substance rends the lines.

From pastoral play and shepherd song,
From manners docile, wise, and still,
Leaps forth the race to war and wrong,
To deeds of victory and will.

Fairest the soul in earliest years :
Ænone, 'mid her bowers of dew,—
What rainbows glisten through her tears,
What music in her words of rue !

The Spirit calls, — the Acadie
Of outer life is rent and gone :
The inner caves yawn blank and free,
The soul must enter and alone.

Pale Beauty passes with a moan,
Harsh lines the inner strife betoken ;
The teeming substance tears the form,
The tender vase is bruised and broken.

In sadness nears the soul its prime,
Its mystic ringlets riven low ;
The seal of victory divine
Is set on temples bared with woe.

Substance and Form make interstrife,
One rising as the one declines,
The fairer form, the shallower life,
The deepening substance rends the lines.

Fair Nature's forces fail to weave
The perfectness of one and one ;
Her the contesting powers aggrieve,
The variance of Come and Gone.

The aureal gleam in primal year,
The tint untarnished of the New,

Is Eden but to eye and ear,
Illusive gold on morning dew.

The hint and foretaste of the hour,
Hid in Eternity's deep mine,
When life evolved to living Power
Shall exhale a form divine ;

When soul and body, mystic pair,
The dissonance of growth outgone,
Shall meet as peers in beauty rare,
Eterne in spirit, blend as one ;—

When form shall conscious life infold,
Substance the vital form inspire, —
That spherical love in lines of gold
Shall radiate immortal fire.

THE DAYS.

JULY 16, 1835—JULY 16, 1860.

THE summer air flowed fast and free,
The summer glory shone,
That other day we welcomed thee,
Some twenty years agone.

The sun still pours his golden rain ;
And earth, as fond and fair,
Tricks out her ever-varying mien
In gauds of light and air.

That other day — this other day,
Like spirits they arise,
Confront upon the parted way,
And gaze with eager eyes.

Gaze deeply into deepening eyes,
And watch the shadows dim,
As distant thoughts and memories
Mount slowly to the brim.

Is youth or hope or pleasure gone ?
Then gently lay the sod ;
Our foot is on their buried form,
Our eye straight up to God.

We wail not for the past and gone,
We front the living ray ;
We hail the present and the come,
We greet our life to-day.

Our hope has bloomed to memory,
Our trust has flushed to faith ;
Our love has won a clearer eye,
The eye that looks through death.

We count our time by victories,
A triumph-arch of hours,
Earth unto earth ; our calendar
Is writ in stars, not flowers.

The days — that other day and this —
Athwart the edge of night,

They leap and blend in sober bliss,
A trickling line of light.

Pure from the dross of earth and pain,
Move on the spirit-rays ;
A sunshine seen through summer rain,
A bridal of the days.

ARTHUR: A BALLAD.

A story told by a colored servant who was witness of the tragedy.

A SPARKLE on the brow and eye,
A ripple on the lip,
The youthful sailor gamboled by,
The darling of the ship.

So brimming with the wine of life,
Mere living was a joy,
The whistling winds a playful strife,
The gray old sea a toy.

He loved its cold, wide, sparkling brine,
He loved its creamy foam ;
He beat responsive to its chime,
Nor feared its under-moan.

Sheer off the tall old vessel's side
He 'd leap in sportive whim :
What finny thing could him outglide,
Outdip, outdive, outswim ?

So near to Nature's heart he lay,
She gurgled in his ear
A brave, relying roundelay
That kept from fret or fear.

So pure of heart, so lithe of limb,
So healthy-toned and true,
His comrades crowned him with their love,
As crowns the flower the dew.

One day, while dance and song betide
And sport and revelry,
A young child from the tall ship's side
Fell prone within the sea.

As springs a dancer from his place
Sprang forth our sailor boy,
Bore upward in his strong embrace
And saved the infant joy.

Now haste thee, Arthur ! close behind
Two direful eyes are lurking ;
Now haste thee, for the foul sea-fiend
His deathly speed is working !

Alas ! too fearless and too brave,
Our boy with careless aim
Stabs quick the monster on the wave,
Then seeks the ship again.

Alas ! too proud in youth and strength,
Too high of hope and mood :

The Horror leaps its measured length,
The sea is red with blood !

My sable nurse, with eyes like rain,
Told through the lonesome night,
And murmured low the sad refrain,
Too good, too brave, too bright !

O made for strength and made for love,
And made for daring high !
O roses on the lip and cheek !
Life's lightnings in the eye !

O vigor from the wide earth gone !
O mournful hardihood !
And still my sable nurse sighed on,
Too brave, too bright, too good !

1867.

STRUGGLE AND VICTORY.

I sit within my idle chair
In softest sackcloth bound ;
I fold my hands, I wear the air
Of one by patience crowned ;
So lowly meek, no need to be
A finer-strained humility.

Alas ! it is an outward guise :
Within the soul, within

Cowers Sorrow with her torrent eyes ;
And jeer with dance and din
Old scarlet pride and yellow shame,
And spotted fears and cares ;
I pin them with a will of flame,
I pile the iron bars.

Alas ! I am so still and mild,
While hidden robber bands
Of discontent make havoc wild,
All wring their fettered hands :
I rise, I rise on wings of fire ;
I bid them bide or die !
Where art Thou, O eternal Sire ?
Shall sorrow last for aye ?
Why soar the birds at prayer in vain,
And faint beneath the tempest's strain,
Nor find an opening sky ?

Ah, hush ! the evil midnight feet
Steal off in slow, reluctant beat,
And in the Orient overhead
Group noble visitants instead :
They fill the air and softly say,
The light is lightening to the day,
The house is swept and garnished, come !
The happy angels are at home.



THE OLD AND NEW LEARNING.

SHUT off the soft, white book,
The fair poetic page,
The rhythmic joy, the wisdom dear
Wrought out from depth of pain and fear ;
I am a bird in cage :
Shut off the soft, white book,
The fair, poetic page.

These brains were brains of fire,
Their lips were wet with wine ;
I had my heart's desire,
I touched their timbrels fine ;
They sat as gods above,
I stood as helot bound,
Then rose with censer swinging,
My inmost soul onflinging,
A helot in love's fetters bound,
And them with garlands crowned,
And prayerful eyes that sought to die
And lift the veil of leaden skies
That hid from men the golden eyes,
The golden kings of Poesy.
A freedman now, I turn
To thee, O Lord, to learn :
Spread out thy primer old,
Show forth the lessons bold ;
My eye is dim with tears,
Make large the characters ;
My sense is dull with time,

Point with thy hand sublime.
 Say softly, one by one,
 The unused brain shall follow on ;
 Spread out thy primer wide,
 Thy nursling stands beside,
 And longs to say the old refrain,
 (A freedman with his broken chain,)
 Waiting the word that setteth free,
 The perfect law of liberty,
 And humbly ask the mystic key
 That shall interpret Fate and Thee.

HANNIBAL.

SUGGESTED BY A PHOTOGRAPH FROM AN ANTIQUE
 BUST.

O LARGE, sad brow ! O deep and mournful eyes !
 The burden of a ruined nation lies
 Within thy glance, the anguish and the strain,
 The wrestle with despair, the struggle sore and vain !

Why mov'st me thus, O man of ages old ?
 'Twixt me and thee the floods of time have rolled,
 And left their débris on the weary earth,—
 The task incessant, toil to death from birth ;
 Heroic souls, like unto thine, whose doom
 Has flashed in glory and gone out in gloom !

O ancient hero, bowed in thought and care,
 Single through genius, great through great despair ;

Foreign in form, in garb, in speech and song,
Alien to music of my mother-tongue ;
Thy God not mine, my hope of heaven not thine,
O soldier, born to do great deeds in Time !
Yet ever to my thought thy face shall be
The symbol of our one Humanity !

The poor, grand soul of man, when hope is high,
Forever seeks his dream to satisfy,
His vision to mature, his plan to meet
Its reason in success, in end complete,
Then, amid sinews stretched and torn in vain,
Asks the great why and wherefore of his pain.

TO REV. NATHANIEL HALL,

ON THE FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS MINISTRY,
JULY 16, 1875.

THEY come with girded memories,
Come crowding all the ways ;
Keen glancing from their spirit-eyes,
The train of vanished days !

They come, a grave and longsome band,
The torches blink and glow,
Bringing their scroll upon their hand,
Their record on their brow.

In quivering lines looms up the morn,
When first, 'mid hope and cheer,

The prophet mantle wrapped thy form,
And touched thy lips with fire.

O earnest toil and graceful word,
And face that inly shone ;
O prayers that found the heart of God,
Like nestlings in their home !

From shine of joy and dark of woe,
We plait the tender rays,
And place the halo round thy brow,
O crowned with love and praise !

Tell forth, departed days, the tale ;
Read out his record true !
A perfume floateth from the page ;
The leaves are fresh like dew.

O clean from worldliness and guile,
O true to prayer and hymn !
The burdened years look back and smile
Through all their archway dim.

The wondrous shadow of thy past
Is filled with grateful eyes, —
A bower of noble memories,
A tent of Heaven's surprise.

In tones as reverent and sweet,
Ring out thy sunset bells,
As when they called thy early feet
Across the morning hills.

Take up thy meed of fair renown !
 Soon God's imperial tone
 Shall bid thee lay these flowerets down
 For guerdon of his own ;

When all memorials of time,
 All human praise and worth,
 Shall shrivel in the cleansing flame
 Of his descending breath.

O tenderness divinely deep,
 That folds the child away,
 The child-soul to its dreamless sleep,
 To waken to *that* day.

Percival Avenue, Dorchester.

WRITTEN FOR A SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY.

EVER through years, or more or less,
 The supple forms of childhood press,
 In happy homes, by hearth and stair,
 With winsome eyes and shining hair.

Ever through smiles and toils and tears,
 Childhood glides onward into years ;
 And steps mature, their labors done,
 Yield to the young feet hurrying on.

O Thou, who see'st, as turn by turn
 Bloom speeds to flower and flower to germ,

Save up the sweetness of our prime,
The graces of our childhood's time,

And give them back, more soft and fair,
To deck the soul beyond compare,
When, cleansed from earth, we drink the wine,
Anew with Thee, of life divine.

VIRGIN AND CHILD.

OH, look not back on childhood's hour
As if that soft, chaotic prime
Were God's high festival in time,
The giving of Himself in dower.

Oh, tender be the guarding wing
That broods above this charming fay,
This creature made by Him, the King,
To grow in stature to the day,—

To grow and open, layer on layer,
Fold within fold, until the core
Of inmost being shows the rare,
High effluence of the human flower.

The soul evolved by sun and storm,
By fire to fire itself refined,
Expands unto the virgin form,
That waits the passing of the wind, —

Alone, apart, absorbed, awaits
The Gabriel from the Presence, come
Bringing a message from the gates
That unto her a child is born..

O wondrous symbols ! sacred bands !
Eternal as the heavens and earth,
The angel, type of wondering faith,
With drooping brow and clasping hands
Salutes the mother of his Lord,
The virgin, waiting for the word.

This is the child that art divine
Forever seeks, forever sees :—
The Soul in fullness of its time
The incarnated Law receives,
The infancy of Life divine.

ON MISS PEABODY'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY.

WE thought to grace her silver hair
An autumn leaf to bring,
But lo ! a presence unaware
Steals in with sounds of spring.

We thought in soft and tender hues
To touch the past to tears,
But colors bright as jewels use
Light up her house of years.

For hope and heart, for love and lore,
That scarce knew stint or stay,
For vistas widening more and more,
We give her thanks to-day.

Others may win in later hour,
Her meed of wealth and fame ;
The purest fragrance of the flower
Shall float around her name.

Within the frail and aging form,
From out the darkening eyes,
Her spirit moves alert and warm
To face the lifting skies.

Of work sublime in homes above,
More hearts to wake and win,
Open, ye folding-doors of love,
And pass your votary in !

AGE.

THE fancies, nimble, fresh, and young,
That turned all feeling into song ;
The quick heartbeats that found in breath
Of cadenced verse a facile sheath ;
The lavish love that light and warm,
Like mistiness of early morn,
Rounded to grace each passing form ;
The eye that saw in other eyes
The rapture of its own surprise ;

And ear that melted every sound,
Mere floatings in the air around,
To one pure tone without alloy,
The perfect tone of inward joy, —
All these are gone, as gone away
The roses of that other day,
Ideal fruits and flowers that grew
In gardens that our childhood knew.
O grace of life ! O pretty sheen !
I thank the high, the wise Control
That your soft nurturing hath been,
Your downy cradling of the soul.
I make no moan for glint or gleam ;
(Let music pass, let rainbows die ;)
I have no wail for vanished dream,
For rose on cheek or fire in eye.
We leave our playthings in the sun,
We face the heaven of truth's abode :
The veil is lifting from the throne,
We touch the very feet of God !

REPLY TO A CHRISTMAS GREETING.

O GIFTED eyes with genius fraught,
To catch where'er the hint divine,
And read thy God's ascending thought
Through silvery mote or quivering line !

O joyful heart that out the storm
Knows the high arch of light will come

And let its gentle glory down
To win the fainting spirit home !

O prophet soul that wise and well
Sees the ripe grapes within the germ,
Oh, what thy radiant fancies spell,
So does the Lord of Life discern !

FAITH AND HOPE.

ENCHANTING form with silver wings
Woven of morning light and air,
Of all earth's freshest, fairest things,
The fairest one to win and wear !

O darling Hope ! who dare deny
Thy perfect touch and angel guise ?
The poetry of earth and sky
Fades with the fading of thine eyes.

Yet does thy ringing voice grow less,
The carols sound more faint and dim,
As pain and sorrow and distress
Flood their dark goblet to the brim.

Then steps into thy seat, o'erthrown
By cruel rush of earth's despair,
A silent, grave, and reverent form,
A vision more sublimely fair ;

And Faith, the soul's perfected dower,
(Not greed of gain or fear of ill,)
Awaits within the present hour
The mandates of the perfect Will.

1886.

ODE.

THOU living Truth and vital Power !
We cling unto thy changeless breast,
The phantoms of a mortal hour,
And find immortal life and rest.

Our fathers spoke their thought of thee
In words austere, with lips aglow,
And told in prayer, on bended knee,
The mystic tale of human woe.

We, children of a later hour,
Seek in soft speech and gentler tongue
To veil the splendor of thy power,
And do thy brooding love no wrong.

Our fathers caught with straining ear
The echoes of the Sinai storm,
And we a rarer music hear, —
The worship of the Life new-born.

But guard us, O thou living Lord,
If, lost our silken lines among,

We miss the high, heroic chord
That through their manly accents rung.

Shone on their brows the fervid beam
Of truth, in human symbols given ;
Oh, guard us, lest earth's tender sheen
Shut off that grander light of heaven.







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